THE WEST END
OF YESTERDAY & TO-DAY

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

MAP OF THE WEST END

DON, DATED 1792.

from P. L. H.
Dec. 1934.

THE WEST END OF YESTERDAY & TODAY

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE HISTORY OF THE LONDON SQUARES
THE PRIVATE PALACES OF LONDON
KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BELGRAVIA
WANDERINGS IN PICCADILLY AND PALL MALL
THE ANNALS OF THE STRAND
THE ANNALS OF FLEET STREET
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN LONDON
MEMORIALS OF ST. JAMES'S STREET
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THE LIVES OF THE RAKES. (Six Volumes)
THE LONDON PLEASURE HAUNTS
THE HISTORY OF THE LONDON CLUBS
In preparation

SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK, 1842.

From a coloured lithograph by T. Shotter Boys.

THE WEST END
OF YESTERDAY & TODAY

BEING STUDIES IN LONDON'S HISTORY
AND TOPOGRAPHY DURING THE
PAST CENTURY

BY
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PREFACE

MUCH has been written about the London of the more remote past; the era which began roughly a hundred years ago, and which is rapidly becoming historic, has not been so feverishly investigated. In the following pages, indeed, I cannot be said to have investigated, so much as lightly to have touched on, those aspects which the city bore, both in its human and topographical phases, during that period. And besides this, I have limited myself to saying something chiefly about what we know as the West End of the town; although I have used, in one chapter, this term to cover what should rightly be regarded as being within the purlieus of the City itself. In a word, I have made an excursion into the little courts and byways of Fleet Street which, considering the enormous size of London, may, I think, be regarded as coming under the more limited title of West End.

My chief object has been to show, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, the changes which have occurred in London's outlines, its fashions, and manners and customs, during the last century of its complex life. I need hardly say that to do this for the whole of this mighty organism would have been to write a book ten times larger than the present one; and it is for this reason that I have limited myself to that portion which I am apt to think its most interesting and suggestive quarter.

This volume is not what may be called *documenté*. The lover of foot-notes and suchlike references will search for them in vain. It is in a word, rather a gossiping attempt to draw attention to the lesser known points, and in so doing, to accentuate the differences that appear in the streets and byways of today as compared with what they were at the beginning of the last century.

The present drastic rebuilding of London is altering the appearance of the West End in a quite surprising way; varied manners and customs are changing the aspect of its life in a way no less surprising; and in the following pages I endeavour to note both these transformations and to indicate the earlier fashions, both in daily life and architectural landmarks, from which they directly sprang.

E. B. C.

October, 1925.

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"THE COMPANY GOING TO HIS MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE," WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF PICCADILLY AND THE GREEN PARK.

Published by Humphrey. 1822.

THE WEST END
OF YESTERDAY & TODAY

I

INTRODUCTION

THOSE who say that London looks best at night or when fogs and mists accentuate, without wholly obliterating, its dominant features, lose, I am apt to think, in their artistic sense a sense of topographical proportion. Most things, especially ugly things, look best when clothed in an atmosphere of mystery and romance. But I contend that London is sufficiently beautiful in itself to challenge the curiosity of the day and the searching rays of the sunlight. Look at it where you will, your eye is rewarded by that effective accumulation of points which pleasure the mind without our actually realising what alchemy is at work: lovely vistas such as may be obtained down Constitution Hill or up Park Lane, or in the magic which resides in the artificial dells of the Green Park, or which spreads on each side of you as you cross the water in St. James's Park, with pile on pile of white buildings gleaming up to the sky, in a profusion almost oriental in its audacity, and the half-hidden palace hangs over the quiet waters, with the emblem of sovereignty—a remote and solitary splash of colour—floating in the quiet evening air. . . .

Vistas and glades full of essential romance you may encounter in those gardens where Matthew Arnold lay and dreamed his famous lines, or in Hyde Park itself where the Peter Pan of Sir James Barrie's necromancy has made his special kingdom, or where by the glittering waters something of the French eighteenth century lingers yet, and one expects to see a gay throng emerging from the woods, and embarking for the *Cytherea* of Watteau's dreams or the enchanted brakes and coverts of Fragonard's fancy.

No capital is so rich as London in parks and open pleasances. The " Bois " of Paris and the Prater of Vienna are but poor substitutes for Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, for the great open space at Battersea, or the incomparable wind-blown heights (where Constable

always seems to dwell) of Hampstead. I never greatly favour the inclusion of outlying places in an account of London itself—and I therefore say nothing of Richmond Park and Greenwich, and the fascinating formality, so appropriate to, so complementary with, the exquisite palace at Hampton whose red-brick carries our minds back to the burly Tudor and the piercing eyes of the asthmatic little Dutchman riding beneath the chestnuts. But it is not only the rural vistas which give to London its charm. The full and multi-coloured kaleidoscopes of Regent Street and Bond Street, and Piccadilly as it first commercial grows towards the circus where Gilbert's Toxophilite once seemed always to be threatening with his arrow the endless stream of red omnibuses and parti-coloured taxis, all contribute to the cumulative effect of an artistry so fortuitous that few realise it, so illusive that it requires skilled aid to stamp it on our regardless eyes.

Nor is it only in such outstanding and famous spots that the beauty of London lives. In innumerable by-streets, which a too hasty judgment might call squalid, you can see, if you have the eye to see aright, that latent loveliness which depends so much on what is there, but yet as much on what is brought to its examination. To many the London streets are compact of dirt and difficulties and the thousand *désagréments* which make up the life of a great city. For them Piccadilly is but a riot of omnibuses; Charing Cross a medley of motors; Oxford Street and Bond Street connote but streets of shops of varying quality but of almost equally audacious and irresistible allurement.

But in these great thoroughfares, and even more in the lesser streets which branch away from them in all directions, dwells together with the picturesque and not infrequently the beautiful that spirit of place which gives to the least of them something of a hallowed air. History walks abroad in them: every stone is pregnant with anecdote, every dwelling has some story to impart or some hidden ghost to reveal. Even in that great thoroughfare whose name seduced Wordsworth into penning what is perhaps the most banal line in all the vast bulk of British verse—" the street which from Oxford has borrowed its name "—rebuilt as it is, flashy and tawdry as so much of it appears today, history and legend lie beneath but a superficial integument of commerce. As it stretches from the greenery of the Park and a rather derelict Marble Arch away to the beginnings of Holborn, with one end at Tyburn and the other at Newgate, Oxford Street reveals in a flash the full and decorative eighteenth century; and as in a vision its garish shops merge into the country road of past days, when great houses stood ramparted about by their ample grounds on its banks, when crowds pressed along it to hear the malefactor's last dying speech at the gallows where Connaught Place is now, when Berners Street was " in the fields " and Tottenham

Court Road ran through open country. Beneath layer on layer of successive building development lie the mute remains of century on century of evolution. You may visualise that road as it was before the Georgians came with their red-brick and the neo-Georgians with their stone and their stucco; when the old wooden houses of the Stuarts lined it; when, earlier still, nothing lined it but the trees and hedges of Tudor days; beyond even that, when a great forest covered it, and some Wamba tended his swine beneath the heavy branches of great trees, and pigs nosed the mast where now from innumerable shops wave the flags and signs of miles of flourishing commerce.

You can trace the remains of the roads the Romans made through the city and its environs (today one vast city without boundaries, apparently without limitations); for research has left little to the imagination in this respect, and constant discoveries in all parts show what a stratum of civilised antiquity underlies the many that have succeeded. Rome itself, with its cumulation of successive historic periods, hidden one beneath the other, is older and to us, as being less familiar, more fascinating and attractive; but really it is hardly more interesting, and if, to put it broadly, London begins where the Eternal City leaves off, its later centuries are scarcely less engrossing in their social and architectural development.

Many large cities rely for their attraction on their ancient remains, their centuries of remote past greatness, their accumulation of historic and legendary memories. London to some extent does so, but it is in a subsidiary way. What seems to us old seems new to Rome or Athens; what seems historic is, in comparison with innumerable Continental cities, a matter of very modern history. Even if set against Paris, we are far to seek in the remains of a past day, and yet there is something about London which, in spite of such qualifications, give it a character, an unmistakable aura, almost impossible of exact definition, which other cities with all the evidences of their great pasts full upon them, do not quite compass. Were I asked to say what the reason for this is, I should be inclined to reply that it is due to the fact that London is, beyond almost all other cities in the old world, alive—so alive, indeed, that the past seems not so much to be dead as to be preserved and revivified in the present. Paris is a city pre-eminently of pleasure, but it has little relation to the Paris of Philippe Auguste, or the Paris of Henri Quatre, or the Paris of Louis Seize; and as for the Paris of the Napoleonic convention—*that* is even deader than any of these. It has, indeed, cast itself off from the Capets and the Valois and the Bourbons and the Bonapartes, with a determination to be itself, and nothing but itself, the Paris of the last Republic. London, on the other hand, never quite forgets its past, and has made, indeed, that past

part and parcel of itself. Its very commercialism is pregnant of that earlier day when its great merchants were its great princes, when its rulers were ready to recognise valour in work as well as valour in arms. In a word, the life it leads today is, *mutatis mutandis*, not unlike the life it led in the days of the Georges, the Stuarts, the Tudors, the Plantagenets. There is a kind of apostolic succession in such things; and although drastic changes, as they seem to us, have taken place in recent days, they are hardly less drastic than such as took place when John was compelled to recognise the duties of a constitutional monarch, when Charles I. was shown the futility of opposing the national will, when James II. was made to realise the ineffectiveness of attempting to interfere with the national religion.

This is, I believe, the secret of London's special significance—that it has always kept in touch with its great and glorious past. Splendid buildings may have disappeared, so that we can point to but a handful of monuments dating from the real beginnings of its architectural greatness; relics of so comparatively recent a time as that of Elizabeth are to be found with difficulty, owing to the devastations of the Great Fire; even the bricks of the earlier Georgians and the stucco of the later are disappearing with painful rapidity. Yet there remains that aura, that intangible something enveloping the city of today and linking it up with the city as it was in what Macaulay terms the times of immemorial antiquity.

It seems but a few years ago that for the last historic period of London's history we had to look back to the eighteenth century. Now the later era, which for the sake of convenience we are apt to term generically Early Victorian (although it embraces something more than that reign), has begun to enter on a phase which gives to it an historic air; and it is that era with which I chiefly deal in these pages—comparing its life and architecture with those that have succeeded and are daily succeeding them.

THE GLOUCESTER COFFEE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, WITH THE WEST COUNTRY MAIL COACHES STARTING.

The Coffee House stood on the site now occupied by the Berkeley Hotel, which was formerly known as the St. James's Hotel.

From the painting by J. Pollard, engraved by C. Rosenberg. 1828.

II

A CENTURY OF CHANGE

In the following chapters I have attempted to indicate some of the more marked changes which have come over London architectural and topographical aspects during the last two centuries. These have been so drastic and far-reaching that were it not for the survival of certain great thoroughfares and squares and so forth, it would be difficult to recognise in the vast rebuilt (and rebuilding) city of today the relatively exiguous London known to the Georges, or even that on which the early Victorians gazed. The skeleton, so to speak, is there, but the integument has passed through so many and various alterations that its appearance is quite unlike what it once was, and to rehabilitate it in the mind's eye, the memory, or where that does not go back far enough, pictorial or written description, has to be drawn upon. But if a marked revolution has thus occurred with regard to the bricks and mortar of the Metropolis, no less a one has happened in respect of its manners and customs, its dress and its amusements. If we take four spots as being specially eloquent of such varied aspects, as Bond Street, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park, it will be amply sufficient to indicate what has been going on in the way of social evolution during roughly the last century.

And parenthetically one may note how fashion has enlarged its boundaries since the day when Theodore Hook regarded the small area bounded by St. James's Street, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and Waterloo Place, as containing all that was best worth cultivating in London—a generalisation, however, which, like all such things, was never capable of logical analysis, for it left out the Mayfair in which Fashion had had its headquarters since the time (1695) when Sir Richard Grosvenor began the development of that area. But Fashion today is not confined to Mayfair. Belgravia began to rival it early in the first half of the last century; and later Sloane Street, and later still that large tract of ground on which the houses of Prince's Gate and Queen's Gate, and the rest, stand, were found seducing many from their hitherto accustomed

haunts. In more recent times Cadogan Square in one direction, and the squares which in later Georgian days had been the fastnesses of successful commerce, Bedford Square and Russell Square, and which had for a time been given over to professionalism, began to appeal to those who were attracted by the size and what had become the old-world air of their houses, and have now largely regained the residential character they once wholly possessed, but had for a space lost.

Then, too, that vast building development north of the Park—the district generally known as Tyburnia and the Regent Park district—began to spread its tentacles far and wide, over what was, little more than a century ago, open fields, and linked itself up with Portman Square, Manchester Square, and Cavendish Square, the first of which Southey describes, in 1807, as being "on the outskirts of the town," approached "on one side by a road, unlit, unpaved, and inaccessible by carriages."

Fashionable London may thus be said to have enlarged its boundaries beyond all knowledge during the last century; and just as its residential quarters have changed, so, in an equally marked manner, have its manners and customs. Without penetrating into the *vie intime* of a man about town or a fashionable lady of the period to whom Almack's was a kind of seventh heaven—the quintessence of all dance-clubs past and present—we shall be able to estimate the variations that have taken place in the life of the Londoner, by a perambulation of the streets I have selected as typical of the West End.

Bond Street, for instance, in the days of the Regency was a thoroughfare of shops and a lounge as it is now, but what different shops were there, and what different loungers! It will hardly be believed, no doubt, but it is a fact, that people rode there on horseback—and long as I have known that street I never remember to have seen an equestrian so daring as to ride in it. Its roadway was cobbled; its buildings were of red-brick, although stucco was invading it; ladies with immense poke-bonnets or with hats surmounted by prodigious feathers walked there arm-in-arm with gentlemen in strapped trousers and frogged coats; gay colours were the rule; and you might see the scarlet and busby of a Guards' officer challenging the pink and magenta of a lady's cloak, or the multi-coloured hues of a lady's shawl. People actually *strolled* across the roadway, and hackney cabs and coaches and cabriolets passed up and down with that subdued air which is only now, I think, associated with vehicles in one place in the world—the Parc Monceau at Paris.

The amusements were of a varied, although to the present generation they would, I suspect, seem of a jejune, character. Panoramas and dioramas, which had a habit of mixing the jam of novelty with the

EXTERIOR OF "FISHMONGERS' HALL," OR THE ORIGINAL CROCKFORD'S, IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

The Devonshire Club stands on its site.

From a water-colour drawing by Robert Cruikshank, dated 1825.

THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR—HATCHETT'S RESTAURANT, PICCADILLY.

Showing the congestion of traffic in early Victorian days.

From a drawing by George Cruikshank. Circa 1837.

TATTERSALL'S YARD, GROSVENOR PLACE: SIR JOHN LADE DRIVING FOUR HORSES ROUND IT, IN 1796.

The buildings on the right are part of the back premises of St. George's Hospital.

From a water-colour drawing of the period.

FASHIONABLES OF THE DAY, ASSEMBLED NEAR THE ACHILLES, IN HYDE PARK.

The man on the horse in the foreground was the well-known man about town, Sir Lumley Skeffington.

From a coloured print dated 1804.

HYDE PARK: A MEET OF THE FOUR IN-HAND-CLUB.

From the painting by J. Pollard, engraved by J. Harris. 1838.

powder of instruction, were to be found in various spots in the West End, and that of Mr. Barker (later known as Burford's) in Leicester Square was an outstanding one. People went, too, to those smaller museums—Sir Ashton Lever's, or Miss Linwood's needlework—which were then the substitutes for our more splendid and complete ones; and the British Museum was beginning to be known, although in its earlier days people could only enter by ticket the old Montagu House which was what our late Georgian forebears had in place of Sir Robert Smirke's vast mausoleum that gradually arose on the site of Lord Halifax's red-brick mansion. To us, accustomed as we are to theatres in almost every street, and, in the rare absence of theatres, cinemas, the few such places of amusement in London about a hundred years ago will be astonishing. In 1830, Mr. Francis Coghlan issued a small book called " The Cicerone, or Fashionable Guide to all the Places of Public Amusement." And this is the list of playhouses which he gives: The King's Theatre, in the Haymarket; Drury Lane; Covent Garden; the Haymarket; the Theatre Royal, or English Opera House, in the Strand, where Exeter 'Change used to be; the Adelphi; the Surrey; Astley's Amphitheatre; the Cobourg; Sadler's Wells; the West London Theatre, in Tottenham Street; and the Olympic, in the Strand. A dozen !

Nor were our forebears exacting in their demands for special comfort or convenience in these places of amusement. In the " Dramatic Mirror " written by Thomas Gilliland, and published in 1808, some illustrations of playhouses are given. Thus the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, which Vanbrugh originally built, and which, as it then was, seems insignificant enough when compared with the present His Majesty's, on the same site, is described as " this magnificent theatre "; while the interiors of some of the other houses which then excited enthusiasm and drew largely on adjectival description, would seem to us very ordinary places. One picture, of Covent Garden, shows that there was no pit, as we know it; what we call the stalls being so named, and these were surrounded at the back and sides by open boxes, running under the dress-circle, and looking rather like the old horse-box pews of early churches. Before it was recently reconstructed, the old Vic. was typical of the kind of playhouse which was customary in those days.

But if Coghlan, and suchlike guide-book compilers, could but sum up a dozen theatres, they were able to catalogue other forms of amusement which we no longer have. One, for instance, was Vauxhall, that relic of an earlier day which was to have over half a hundred years of nineteenth-century life; and where people went in the daytime to see Green and the Grahams, and suchlike famous aeronauts, ascend in their

balloons, and in the evening to listen to the orchestra, to wonder at the fireworks, and to drink (sometimes, like Jos Sedley, not wisely but too well) the famous rack-punch.

Vauxhall's great rival, Ranelagh, had been closed in 1803, but the Zoological Gardens had recently been opened (1828), and their novelty drew people to a spot which Decimus Burton and Nash had but a few years before surrounded with splendid terraces of houses, and had thus linked their former barren, rather desolate, area with that of the Metropolis. Then there was the Colosseum, also in Regent's Park, with its panoramas of London and Paris, and its grounds "embellished," as they liked to call it, with Swiss cottages and Gothic summer-houses, caverns and grottos, among which paterfamilias walked sedately with madame on his arm, and the children gambolled around them, in their little trousers and peaked caps or their petticoats with weird and wonderful bloomers peeping beneath them and reaching to the ankles, their little square-toed shoes (with straps across the instep), and their leghorn hats.

The musically inclined had the Hanover Square Rooms or the Regent Street music-room, at the corner of Argyll Place, to go to, or could wonder at that fearfully named Appollonicon which was to be heard in St. Martin's Lane. Then there was Cross's Menagerie at the King's Mews (where the National Gallery now is), which had attracted the town earlier to Exeter 'Change, and where "the collection consisting of Quadrupeds, Birds, and Reptiles, are placed in one large apartment, where they may be seen to advantage, particularly during feeding time, which mostly takes place about eight o'clock in the evening." Fancy going to see animals (other than human) feeding at eight o'clock in the evening!

Pictures could be examined then at Somerset House, where they now sell stamps and concoct the income tax papers, their sole artistic employment; and at the British Institution in Pall Mall, or the Suffolk Street Gallery; while the country cousin, in addition to such things and many which still survive as sights, could visit the Houses of Parliament, very different buildings from what they are now; could look at London from the Monument; could wonder at St. Paul's, with not a thought as to its questionable stability; and could gaze at the "ragged regiment" of wax-figures in the Abbey, or feed the lions in the Tower as their descendants feed the bears at the Zoo.

In those days St. James's Street was practically given over to clubmen; and ladies seldom walked in it unless escorted by a friend or a man-servant. The argus-eyed bow-window of White's was an ordeal not many cared to undergo; while those who went in and out of Crockford's, opposite, were not generally the kind of person the "unprotected female" (who is as dead as the dodo, for every lady now can take very

VIEW OF THE FRONT OF THE OLD OPERA HOUSE, IN THE HAYMARKET, BUILT BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, 1705.

From a water-colour drawing by W. Capon. 1783.

THE OLD ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.
The portion in the foreground is now occupied by the Carlton Hotel.

From a drawing by T H. Shepherd. 1820.

THE CARLTON HOTEL, WITH HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
From a recent photograph.

VIEW OF THE FRONT OF THE OLD LYCEUM THEATRE, IN THE STRAND, BEFORE THE FIRE, ON FEBRUARY 16, 1830.

This entrance approximately occupied the site of the present pit-door. The main entrance in Wellington Street was constructed after the fire.

From a contemporary drawing by Winston.

good care of herself) would care about meeting. You may see what Crockford's or Fishmongers' Hall, as it was called from the fact of its protagonist having once followed that trade, looked like from Cruikshank's picture in "The English Spy." Its red-brick and Adam decorated windows were to give place to the elaborate structure Crockford himself erected on its site, which building was in turn to be reconstructed into the Devonshire Club of our own day.

In that picture we see one of those state-carriages covered with armorial bearings, and with footmen hanging on behind, some of which survived till our own time, when they made their rare appearances at the Drawing Rooms (then held in the afternoon) or other royal functions. One would as soon expect to see a megalosaurus in St. James's Street today, as one of those decorative adjuncts to a life which is no more. Close by (in Cruikshank's illustration) a gentleman driving a cabriolet has let his horse down, and is nearly following it himself. The cabriolet was then a fashionable vehicle for a single man to drive with his footman or "tiger" sitting by his side, as Mr. Montague Tigg (who, by the way, had offices in Pall Mall) used to do, one remembers, in order to throw dust, in two senses, in the eyes of his dupes. The cabriolets, indeed, like the famous gig which gave Carlyle an opportunity for irony, were in a way an earnest of gentility, if not of respectability.

In those days St. James's Street and its neighbourhood was full of gambling hells (Crockford's being the most majestic of these temples of Chance), and there was one in the little Pickering Place which alone remains a relic of the older thoroughfare. I suppose there is no single street in the world where so much money has been won and lost as the St. James's Street of Georgian and Regency days.

But it is not necessary to go so far back as those times to realise this famous thoroughfare with an appearance entirely different from what it now exhibits. In Victorian days it was as unthinkable that anyone who cared at all about his appearance should "show" there, in the afternoon, without frock-coat and top-hat, as it was in Piccadilly or the Park. Today, if a man wears a top-hat in St. James's Street, or anywhere else, for that matter, people think he must have been to a wedding or a funeral. Here and there, *rari nantes*, you will come across one of the old brigade clinging desperately to an earlier convention, but he seems to wear his rue "with a difference"; and is, or so one thinks, not unconscious that he is a fit subject *monstrari digito*.

Nor will you find carriages in St. James's Street any longer, state or otherwise; hardly shall you discover them anywhere, although I, wonderingly, did see three in the Park the other day. The motor and the taxi have forever, it would seem, chased away these typical adjuncts

of a past, quiet, dignified social order. Indeed, a carriage and pair are as much gone out of general fashion as link-boys or the London cries; and when one *does* appear it is probably on its way to find the Cake House in Hyde Park or to set down its occupants in Grosvenor Place so that they may go and eat syllabubs in the Five Fields !

When the unaccustomed tootle of a coach-horn is heard nowadays, one knows that some private enterprising person has put a coach on the road again, and is tooling it down to Richmond or Hampton Court or Windsor. A hundred years since, however, coaches, mail and private, were rather the rule than the exception in Piccadilly, where the Bull and Mouth, at the Circus, or the White Horse Cellar, at Arlington Street, were in daily turmoil with the goings and comings of these equine railways. One of Pollard's delightful colour-prints shows a private drag leaving the former headquarters, a ducal drag, probably the Duke of Beaufort's from the blue body of the carriage and the buff trousers of His Grace who is driving. Another print exhibits a number of stage-coaches drawn up before the Gloucester Coffee House (where the Berkeley Hotel is now); while one of George Cruikshank's humorous sketches shows us a state of turmoil outside Hatchett's, with an omnibus of the Shillibeer variety being driven regardlessly westward, pedestrians flying at its oncoming, and one unfortunate gentleman being precipitated from the roof of an impacted vehicle.

In the Park vehicular traffic was equally in the ascendant, and in a coloured print, dated 1804, we may see the " fashionables of the day," as they are described, assembled on horseback or in carriages; and as in Regency days they are so depicted by Cruikshank and Pugh and others, so they had earlier been hit off in the blowsy caricature of Rowlandson, and were to be reproduced later, in the stately, easy air which characterises them in the lithographs of Boys.

People still ride in the Row, but it is " with a difference." And there is as great a gulf between the blue coat and the top-hat of the Duke of Wellington or the Marquess of Anglesea, as they rode by Apsley House and Albert Gate,* and the billycock or Homburg and the general " undress " of the present frequenters, as there is between the stately carriages of earlier days and the motor-cars of our time. In a word, the grand manner has deserted Hyde Park as it has deserted Piccadilly and St. James's Street. We were always to some extent a self-conscious nation, and now we have carried self-consciousness to the *n*th power; and the consequence is that we have become positively frightened at

* See the coloured prints by De Danbraa and Leport, dated respectively 1852 and 1847.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE PROCESSION OF HER MAJESTY RETURNING FROM OPENING PARLIAMENT, IN FEBRUARY, 1852.

The old Parliament buildings are in the foreground, and beyond the Clock Tower in process of construction.

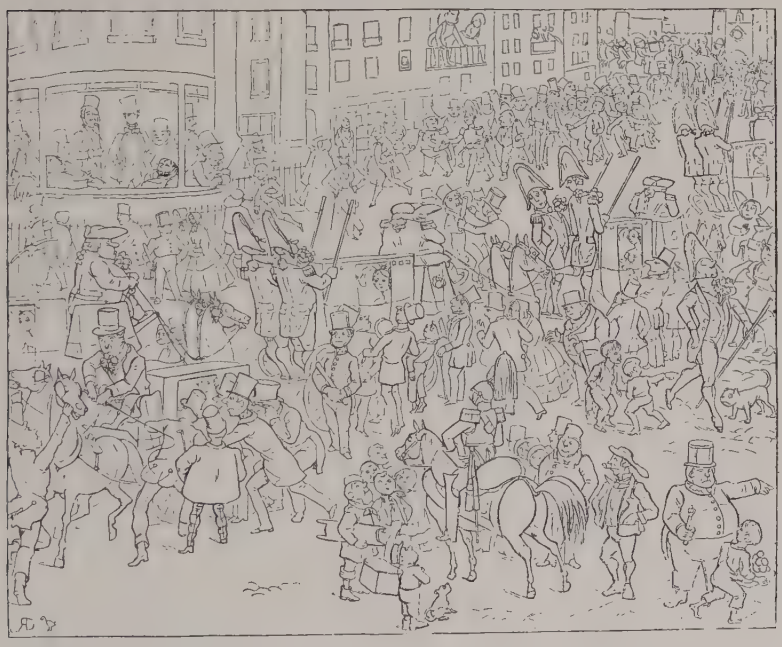
From a contemporary woodcut.

VIEW OF ALMACK'S BALL-ROOM, SOUTH SIDE OF KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, BUILT IN 1765.

Messrs. Robinson and Fisher occupy the rebuilt premises on this site. The house to the left is the Orleans Club.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd. 1851.

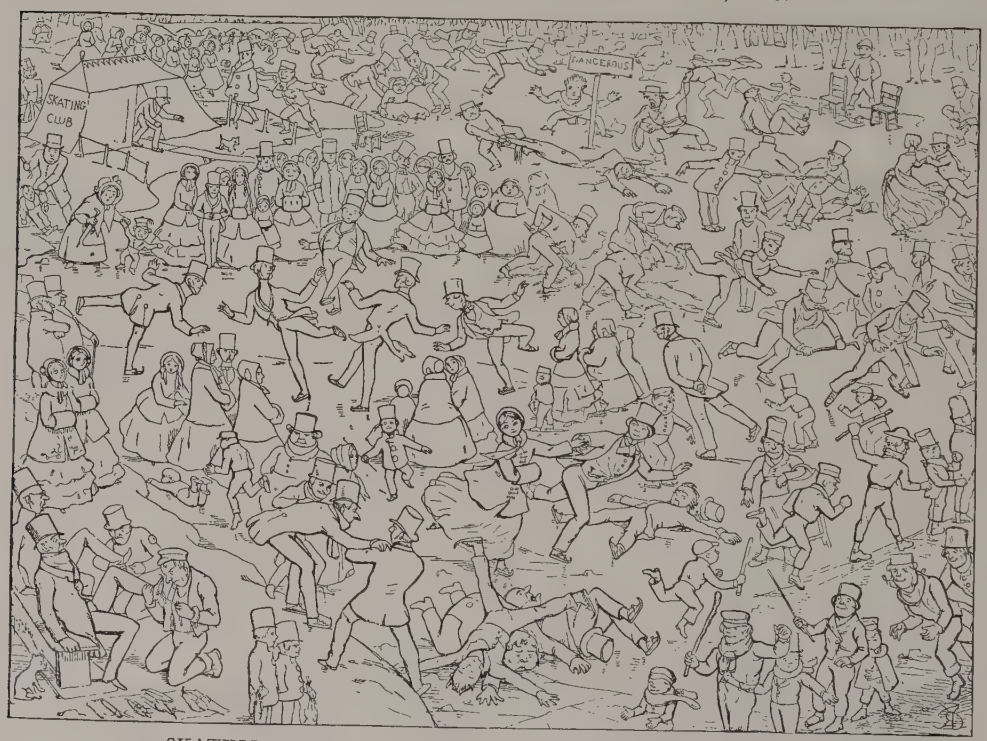
HYDE PARK IN THE AFTERNOON, AS PORTRAYED BY DOYLE, IN HIS "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF YE ENGLISHE," 1849.



ST JAMES'S STREET, ON A DRAWING-ROOM DAY, PORTRAYED BY DOYLE.

On the left the famous Bow Window of White's is indicated, and St. James's Palace in the background.

VAUXHALL GARDENS, AS PORTRAYED BY DOYLE, 1849.



SKATING ON THE SERPENTINE, PORTRAYED BY DOYLE, 1849.

being distinctive. At one time the idea seems to have been for the less outstanding citizen to try and imitate the dress and carriage of those of a higher class; now the converse holds good, and for some recondite reason the man who can afford to dress well dresses negligently. To one old enough to remember when things were different, the sign seems a bad one, for it appears to be introducing into the *agrêments* of life the same mischievous and ridiculous principle as is entering into the life of the working classes—viz., that everyone should be equal (which is absurd, on the face of it); and that that equality should be based on the lower rather than on the higher state of capacity or will to work (which is, if possible, absurder still). But this has led me away from my subject, although, to be sure, it is germane enough to it.

One of the things which they carried to excess in the London of a hundred years since was gambling. We all know of the incredible sums won and lost nightly by earlier men, such as Charles James Fox and Lord Carlisle and the rest; and that mania was continued well into the nineteenth century. Crockford's, as we have seen, was the most splendid and well appointed of the temples of Chance; but there were numbers of others around it where men ruined themselves and their families; and in a curious novel of the period called " Crockford's, or Life in the West," much light is shed on what happened in these hells, a list of which is given, and which were to be found in Pall Mall and St. James's Street, and in the adjacent thoroughfares. Nor were other less reputable places far to seek, and to the notorious White House in Soho Square, " Ossington Castle " in Orange Street, " Kate Hamilton's," and so forth, men about town were wont to resort, when more legitimate pleasures had begun to pall. The " night club " of our own times, about which we hear so much, is but the corollary to these earlier haunts —with this difference, that whereas then much was winked at (although raids were occasionally organised as they are now), today the argus-eyes of the police are continually bent on these forms of amusement, and whereas in earlier times a sort of veil was cast over such doings—today *tout se sçait*, and the newspapers keep London *au courant* with everything that goes on in them.

There is an idea among the young especially that the early Victorian era was one of a puritanism of the most pronounced description. A more fallacious view was never held. They were not so outspoken then perhaps, but they did much the same as we do now, and they enjoyed far greater freedom for doing what they liked. There was much more *individuality* then in manners as in dress; and if our young bloods (who are really so serious—even in their Terpsichorean pleasures) attempted to do but a few of the things their forebears did even in the days when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert set the fashion of a desperate

decorousness, well, one cannot imagine what the leader writers and the guardians of all the virtues who sit in Parliament would have to say about it!

Another more general form of amusement in those days were the pleasure gardens, which were a survival of the eighteenth-century delight in such things. Vauxhall lingered on into the fifties, changed in much of its aspect, because it had passed from being the resort of fashion to the haunt of a rather raffish clientèle. But there it was, and the gas lamps of the egregious Simpson were but successors to the candles and oil lamps of the time when the world as Horace Walpole knew it divided its attention between it and the Ranelagh it had outlived by more than half a century. We can see from Doyle's picture what Vauxhall was like during the forties. It is a very different company assembled there from what was accustomed to frequent it in the days of its early glory; but it was, even in its decadence, popular enough to enable it to carry on till 1859.

Another place which had half a century's vogue, from roughly 1827 to 1877, was Cremorne, whose distant lights sparkle in the Nocturnes of Whistler, and link up the days of our grandfathers' amusements with our own early ones. Such places as these (Rosherville, by Gravesend, was another, whither people went by steamer, while the river was still something of a pleasure resort) had a sort of temporary revival in later times, when Earl's Court reproduced, *mutatis mutandis*, their habits and customs; while the White City and Wembley are in a way reminiscent of one phase of that great exhibition of 1851 whose glassy home now gleams in the sunshine (when the sun shines) on its Sydenham heights.

I have referred to Doyle's delightful sketches in which he recorded the manners and customs of his Victorian period, and so eternal is human nature in its essentials, so true to type, that although many things the pictorial satirist reproduces seem as dead as the dodo, others, we shall find, are not dissimilar from what are in existence now. For instance, then, as now, the band played in the Park to the delight of the children and their nursemaids, and the rather bored tolerance of the riders in the Row. As now, cricket was played at Lord's, although the protagonists wore top-hats, and the crowd of watchers (as can be seen) was hardly so numerous as it is today. The Grenadiers changing guard at St. James's collected their interested spectators as they still do; and crowds flocked then, as they did till the other day, to see notorious criminals in wax at Madame Tussaud's, although Madame Tussaud's was not then in its palatial building in Baker Street, but in the Baker Street Bazaar. People fed the bears at the Zoo, and watched the lions devouring raw meat, as they watch them in their far more splendid home

where they are less to be feared than the pickpockets against whom warnings are prominent; and if we have no M. Jullien (in gorgeous apparel) conducting a Promenade Concert, still Promenade Concerts go on, and music is to be heard at the Queen's Hall and the Albert Hall, under the ægis of Sir Henry Wood and Sir Landon Ronald.

But if Doyle reproduces things that have their equivalents in our own day, how much does he not show which is no longer with us. Where are the Cider Cellars (he draws one for us during the singing of a comic song, and a melancholy exhibition it appears to be) and the Coal Hole and Evans's? Long since has the clatter of knives and forks drowned the voices of strenuous gentlemen denouncing the Pope at Exeter Hall. Today we go not to Chiswick, but to Chelsea and the Temple and the Botanic Gardens, to see a flower-show; and Regent Street is a very different spot from what it was in Doyle's time, and very different vehicles fill it. Nor does the Fifth of November produce the childish excitement exhibited in one of his drawings, where the youngster shouting " No Popery " was a hit at a curiously intolerant movement which Doyle as a Roman Catholic must have felt not a little. Are there, too, any circuses in London now? Doyle's Astley's is but a name, the later Hengler's but a memory, and " Lord George Sanger's " fame is rural rather than urban. One thing seems the same today as it was seventy-five years ago, and in the picture of the Criminal Court as produced in the " Manners and Customs " we see the same love of sensation in the " audience " as we see now: the same play of opera-glasses, the same gloating over crime, the same questionable publicity. But in another plate we come to something we seldom, if ever, do witness now: people skating and sliding on the Serpentine. When winter went out of fashion with Dickens and frosted Christmas cards, of course we had no ice on which to skate, and so wheels were invented and people roller-skated everywhere (as they do now at regular recrudescences of the phase—generally every decade), until artificial ice was invented, when they varied the amusement by gyrating round Prince's (in Knightsbridge) and elsewhere, and tried to recapture a season which has deserted us.

The one dominant object in all Doyle's sketches is the top-hat. Of course it is present in the Park and St. James's Street, and at the flower-show and (carried in the hand) at a fashionable soirée; but it appears also on the cricket-field, it covers the heads of those rowing in a Thames regatta, men wear it at the Cider Cellar and at Vauxhall, while they are looking at the horses at Astley's or are skating in the Park. Everywhere is present that dominant headgear; and if one wanted to differentiate the Londoner of those past days from the Londoner of our own time one would be inclined to do so, not by laying stress on his

varied pleasures (which are so essentially like his earlier ones), not in his habits and customs, which may be found to have an analogy, under different guises, to the customs and manners of his forebears, but in the fact that he has discarded the top-hat, and—with the late Lord Ronald Gower's blessing, one thinks, for he hated it—now only dons it on special occasions, and then, it would seem, with fear, self-consciousness, and a certain misgiving.

VIEW OF THE BAYSWATER RIVER AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

This stream now runs in a sewer beneath the roadway. Albert Gate is now where the buildings shown above once stood.

From a coloured lithograph by Phillips. 1836.

III

LANDMARKS THAT HAVE DISAPPEARED

THE face of a great city is like that of a human being. In the course of time all sorts of subtle changes take place in both, almost unnoticed in their actual process, but leaving marked alterations on the features, as may be seen in old illustrations of the one and old photographs of the other. Sometimes such changes are patent enough to the observer when they occur, as when a man loses an eye or has his face changed from its earlier alignment by a stroke—sad incidents which may be matched, in the appearance of a city, when some vast scheme wholly alters a portion of its aspect. But generally the process of evolution is less marked than this, and we suddenly find ourselves astonished at the differences in building outline exhibited by a comparison of some old print or drawing (the topographical equivalents of the human photograph) with the city as we know it.

Applying this analogy to London, one may perhaps be allowed to liken the changes that have taken place through the Kingsway-Aldwych reconstruction of the Strand, and the rebuilding of Regent Street, to strokes which have wholly varied the appearance of these thoroughfares; have, so to speak, varied the features of London to so great an extent that, although we have become used to the one, and will have to get inured to the other, we shall have no little difficulty in tracing the once familiar lineaments in the drastic transformation that has occurred.

But apart from such well-nigh complete metamorphoses as these, there have been a variety of lesser changes which, without varying the general aspect of London, have left their mark on many of the lines (or the streets) of its countenance. In a hurried age such get soon forgotten, and it is one of the duties of the topographer to record them for the benefit of those whose time is too occupied in other matters, whether it be business or dancing or what not, to observe them for themselves.

Nothing is more tiresome than your insistent *laudator temporis acti;* and I am far from saying that because an old building has been destroyed or a narrow way widened, that such changes are not improvements,

simply because they are new and have obliterated landmarks that had become familiar. In some cases I confess to thinking this is so, but not by any means in all; and (to take an instance) because Kingsway and Aldwych have blotted out of existence Holywell Street and Wych Street, Lyon's Inn and New Inn, and have completely altered the appearance of Clement's Inn, I cannot wholly deplore this when remembering what a mass of filth and squalor was done away with by the coming of these great thoroughfares. Such changes are necessary and inevitable in a great city, and anyone so *épris* with the past as to resent them should not be living in the present. But sometimes occasions arise where the preservation of some architectural landmark or the home of some famous man might have been compassed without affecting in any way the amenities of the city or its inhabitants; where, indeed, some expenditure of money might have preserved an historic structure, and added it as a relic for all time to our rapidly diminishing collection of such things. Sometimes this has been done, generally through the devotion and generosity of private people, as in the case of Johnson's house in Gough Square and Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row. But taken as a rule, the authorities are hopelessly deaf to any appeal to preserve such things, and in consequence Temple Bar is now hidden away in a rural fastness (when it should have been re-erected in Hyde Park or anywhere in London where it could be seen), and Crosby Hall was rooted away from the spot it had graced for over four centuries.

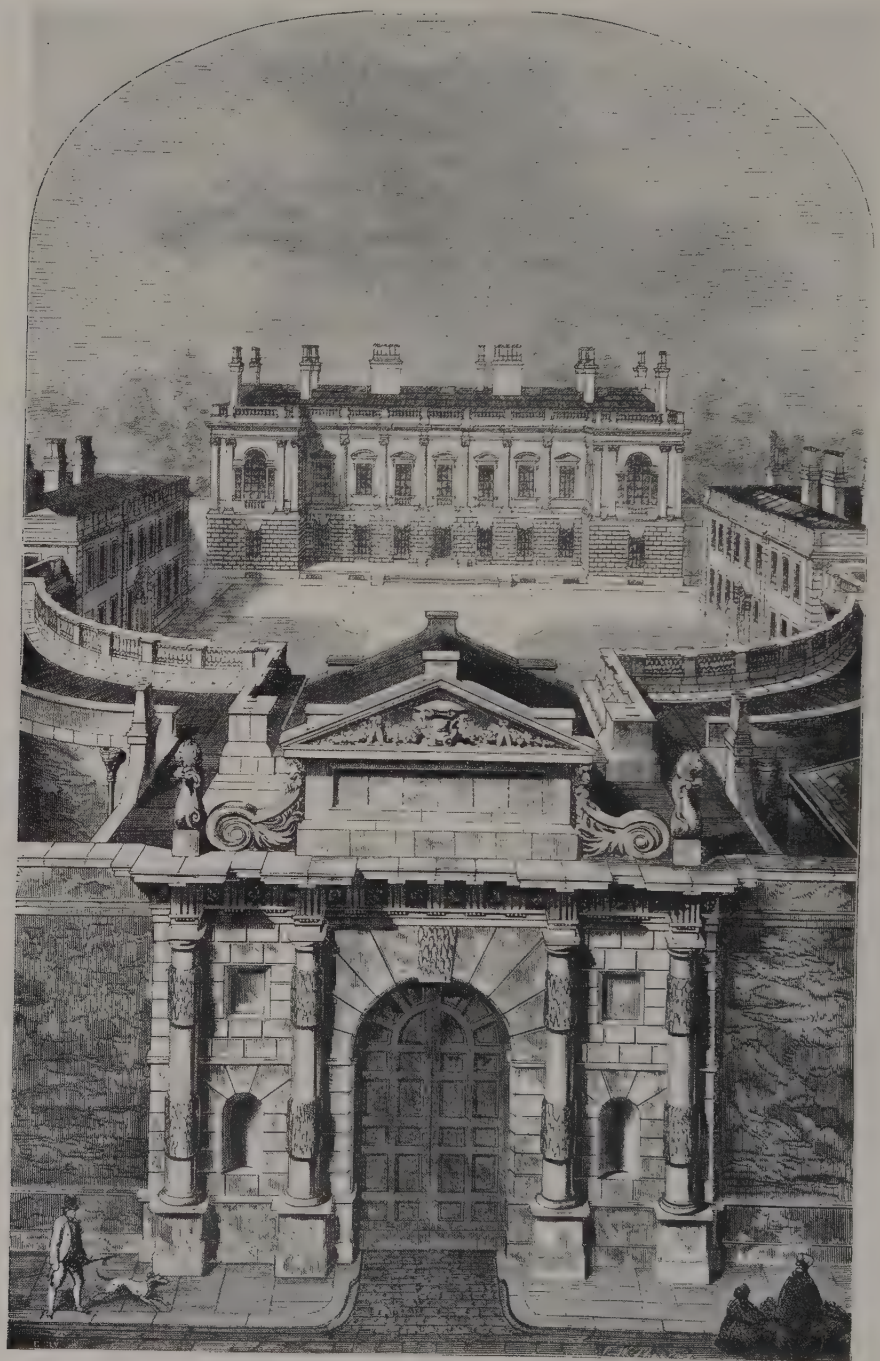
However, I grow contentious. Let us wander a little about London and note some of the things which were once picturesque features or otherwise, but which have become forgotten, as we pick our way with difficulty amid the stone-mason's yard and brick-field that our city has recently become.

Nash's Regent Street is too recent a memory to need insisting on, yet at any rate; although the disappearance of its three chapels—St. Philip's, opposite Carlton Street (designed by Repton, in 1819); Archbishop Tenison's, nearly opposite New Burlington Street (designed by Cockerell, in 1823); and Hanover Chapel, opposite Little Argyll Street (also designed by Cockerell, in 1825)—altered the alignment of the thoroughfare, before the great transformation now in progress was thought of. If we wander along Piccadilly, however, there are a variety of landmarks which once existed from Piccadilly Circus to Hyde Park Corner, some of which have disappeared so long ago as to be only known through the media of old prints and written description, but of which some are well within living memory.

For instance, where Norman Shaw's great Piccadilly Hotel is now were once the St. James's Hall with its red-brick front, and its adjacent restaurant, the " Jimmy's " of one's undergraduate youth; there too,

VIEW OF THE GREEN PARK FROM THE RESERVOIR, WITH THE FOUNTAIN OF THE CHELSEA WATERWORKS.

From a water-colour drawing dated 1824.



THE ENTRANCE TO OLD BURLINGTON HOUSE FROM PICCADILLY.
The wall shown in the foreground was said to be the most expensive for its size in England.
From a woodcut, dated 1810.

BURLINGTON HOUSE, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

This building, which occupies the site of the famous wall, was designed by Messrs Banks and Barry, and was completed between 1872 and 1874. On the left is the Burlington Arcade, erected in 1818–19 by Samuel Ware, for Lord George Cavendish.

From a recent photograph.

THE ROYAL SALOON, PICCADILLY.

A once well-known resort of the gay Londoner of both sexes after the opera and theatres were over.

From a water-colour drawing by Robert Cruikshank. Circa 1820.

close by, was Quaritch's book-shop, whence the great Napoleon of booksellers (the Dr. Rosenbach of his day) might have been seen emerging under that historic hat which was almost as suggestive as Napoleon's. Farther on, the once classic, dignified No. 20, with its windows borrowed from Inigo Jones, emerged, in 1903, into the renaissance Denman House of today. Farther west, on the opposite side of the street, stood what had once been Bullock's Museum, but was in our own day for so long known as Maskelyne and Cook's, with its Egyptian front, mausoleum-like and mysterious—an earnest of the amazing mysteries to be seen within.

Burlington House we have always known as it is; but at an earlier day that famous private palace was screened from Piccadilly by a long wall—the most expensive piece of wall in England, it was called—behind which was that semicircular courtyard surrounded by its colonnade which created a mild enthusiasm in the generally rather unimpressionable mind of Horace Walpole—when Gothic was not in question. Burlington House has a long and interesting history, which I have written in another book; here it is only necessary to say that it was sold to the Government in 1854, and that it was rebuilt in its present form some twenty years later, the University of London at the back having been designed by Pennethorne on part of its once ample grounds, in 1868. Two years earlier the wall fronting Piccadilly was removed for the erection of the present façade, and the stones were carted away to Battersea Park, where they were in 1920, and probably are now, lying derelict. From Boys's view one can see, in perspective, what this wall looked like, just as from the same source one can be reminded of the Egyptian Hall opposite.

Wandering west we come to St. James's Street, flanked by the two great blocks one of which occupies the site of the York Chambers, the scene selected by Dickens for one of his ghost-stories, and the other (on the west side of the street) the shop of the famous Hoby, the boot-maker and hero of various anecdotes. Hatchett's underground restaurant perpetuates the old White Horse Cellar of coaching renown; but the original house was on the other side of the way, at the corner of Arlington Street where the Ritz rises in its glory, having elbowed out of existence the red-brick Walsingham House.

In old days the Green Park was guarded by a brick wall, and had a reservoir opposite what was once Devonshire House, and a Ranger's Lodge, with a large pond behind it, nearly facing Down Street. It was due to Lord Duncannon (afterwards fourth Earl of Bessborough), who was Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests during the Grey and Melbourne Administrations, that the railings were substituted, and many of the improvements in the park itself (where Lord Beaconsfield was fond of strolling) introduced.

This great change in the general effect of western Piccadilly has existed too long for us to realise its advantages, but if the imagination reconstructs a wall along that green patch, and then looks at its restful grass and trees seen through the railings, an idea will be gained of what we ought to be thankful for.

On the other side of the thoroughfare from Stratton Street to Hyde Park Corner many changes have occurred, and one of the most marked was the rebuilding of Bath House. In 1820 it was a red-brick structure standing back from the pavement, with a square courtyard, guarded by railings in front of it, instead of as it is, half hidden by a high wall, and advancing, behind it, nearly to the roadway. We have just passed the spot on which, till recently, stood the three houses that formed almost as great a landmark as Devonshire House (whose famous gateway, introduced into the middle of the wall in front of it, is now made part and parcel of the Green Park railings), for in the middle one (supposed to be the first stuccoed house built in London) Sir Francis Burdett lived, and was from here carried to the Tower; while in the tall corner one (built by Brettingham, who designed Norfolk House, St. James's Square) his daughter, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, resided for so many years with her china parrot impendent in the first-floor window.

From a curious old print, dated about 1775, which shows, by the way, the White Horse Inn at the corner of White Horse Street, we can see what changes have come over the houses in this part of Piccadilly. Nothing indeed remains as it was, and in the place of the red-brick of the Georgians we have stone and stucco, and every variety of substitute; while where Gloucester House used to be at the corner of Park Lane, with its wall surmounted by a *chevaux de frise* and its early Victorian balcony, rises a block of flats which out-Herods Herod in hideous incongruity.

Until 1871 Hamilton Place, which so many people miscall Park Lane, was an impasse; the small houses in it being known formerly as Hamilton Street. When this was opened up in order to make an adequate entrance into Park Lane, its east side was demolished, and new buildings were erected farther back. In our own time, too, the houses on the west side have all been encased in stone, and thus stucco, which preceded it, received its first blow—a blow that has been driven home by the destruction farther east of all Nash's work covered in this material.

Knightsbridge and the Kensington Road as far as the church, have been greatly changed during the last hundred odd years. Just as the Green Park was enclosed by a wall, so was Hyde Park, and in the latter case we can follow the outlines of this wall, as well as the rest of the

HYDE PARK CORNER.

The old buildings of St. George's Hospital are on the right of the picture, the eight-wheeled coach in the foreground is that run to Southampton by Collier.

From a coloured print by Dagaty, dated 1797.

THE OLD ENTRANCE TO THE PARK, AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

Allen's apple stall (where Apsley House is now) is shown to the right of the gate, and further east the Hercules Pillars tavern, where Squire Western put up when in pursuit of Tom Jones.

From a water-colour drawing by Jones, dated 1756.

HYDE PARK CORNER AS IT IS.

From a recent photograph.

THE OLD CAVALRY BARRACKS, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO KENSINGTON PALACE.

These Barracks were facing the top of Gloucester Road, the Turnpike being just east of that thoroughfare.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd. 1854.

roadway, in Salway's plan and elevation, published in 1811, and thus exhibiting the alignment of the thoroughfare as it was these one hundred and fourteen years ago. Then, the turnpike stretched across the road just east of Grosvenor Place, and immediately opposite St. George's Hospital (whose entrance was then in Knightsbridge) on the Park side, was a stone-built erection connected with the weighing engine. Where the Alexandria Hotel is now was the White Horse tavern, there being a small gate, between stone pillars, into the Park opposite, slightly east of the conduit which still remains in the Park itself, and may be seen through the present railings. This was known formerly as " The Standard," and had been erected about 1663. Beyond this conduit stood the row of quaint old-fashioned houses called Parkside, a name perpetuated in the flats and shops which have taken their place. One of these was the Queen's Head tavern, and immediately next to it was Knightsbridge Chapel, which most of us can remember in its rebuilt form, but which has long since been cleared away for the extension of the French Embassy at Albert Gate.

The present entrance to the Park marks the spot where the Westbourne stream runs beneath the roadway, on each side of which was then a tavern, the Fox and Bull, on the west, and the White Hart on the east. A weeping willow overhanging the stream gave it quite a rural and picturesque appearance. Beyond was the Cannon Brewery, where the Royal Thames Yacht Club in the Naylor-Leland vast mansion, and the Hyde Park Hotel, are now, with the terrace of houses, called High Row, each with its small railing-enclosed garden in front, opposite Sloane Street; and just to the west of which thoroughfare, on the south side, was the Swan tavern, once notorious as a haunt of highwaymen and footpads. At the corner of the triangular piece of ground where the roadway bifurcates, stood the Watch-House and an Engine House.

On the Park side, again, houses and shops continued, broken by little byways: Mill's Buildings (in which some delightful old houses still nestle—only, I am told, for a relatively few years before their leases run out); Jobbin's Court (with the Marquis of Granby tavern on the other side of the thoroughfare); Nag's Head Court, flanked by the Nag's Head itself; and Park Place, guarded by the Bear, with the Rose and Crown opposite. Beyond this were the old Barracks, bare and cold with a slate roof, like a very archaic workhouse, entered by wooden gates between the brick wall that ran in front of them, and the officers' quarters, of rather more architectural importance, beyond. From this point onwards the Park wall ran with unbroken uniformity until the Halfway House was reached. This stood between the footpath and the roadway, and was a red-tiled building which, with its outhouses,

occupied a considerable space east and west. It was as notorious a haunt as was the Swan, and Jerry Abershaw was but one of the many highwaymen who found it a safe and convenient asylum. Its site is marked by Prince's Gate, and when this was formed, in 1846, the Earl of Listowel, who owned Kingston House, purchased the old tavern and had it pulled down. In Salway's plan, Kingston House is called Lord Stair's, that nobleman then being its tenant, but it had been erected by the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, the bigamous Duchess of Kingston, and it was for her use that the entrance into the Park, immediately opposite (still existing, but now closed and disused), was formed.

Thenceforward the Park wall runs uninterruptedly on one side of the road, and nursery gardens, for which this part was long well-known, begin to appear on the other where the houses of Prince's Gate and so forth are now. A little farther on, on the spot now occupied by the Albert Hall, stood Gore House, then the residence of Wilberforce, who, however, left it some ten years later. In 1836 its other notable tenant, Lady Blessington, took it, and it is with her and the gorgeous d'Orsay that the house is chiefly associated, for in its drawing-rooms assembled most of the famous men of the day during the dozen odd years Lady Blessington lived here. When the Great Exhibition was being held in the Park in 1851, Soyer, the famous chef, took Gore House, and opened it as a super-restaurant, but in the following February it was dismantled, and the mansion with its ample grounds, as well as much surrounding property, was purchased by the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, and pulled down in 1857, the foundation stone of the Albert Hall being laid by Queen Victoria eleven years later. Farther west, on the south side of the thoroughfare, was the Prince of Wales tavern, and nearly opposite a well stood by the footpath. This well almost faced Gore Lane (with the Hand and Flower tavern at its eastern corner), which narrow way has long since given place to the wide roadway of Queen's Gate. Close to it stood Grove House, once the residence of Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, and earlier still a " seminary for young ladies," known to Mrs. Papendiek, who mentions it in her diary.

Gloucester Road, originally Hogmore Lane, was then quite narrow; the Dun Cow tavern stood at its east corner, and there was a toll-bar across it. Nearly opposite was the large gate into Kensington Gardens with a lodge attached, and immediately to the west were the Barracks. The gate and lodge and Barracks have all disappeared, and there is only in their place the relatively small gateway to whose railings Sir James Barrie's balloon-lady still seems to cling perilously. Across the highway at this point (just east of Gloucester Road) was another toll-bar.

Many people may remember that where the red-brick Kensington

OLD KENSINGTON CHURCH, LOOKING WEST.

The present St. Mary Abbott's Church occupies the site of the old structure; and the buildings on the left have all been changed.

From a mezzo-tint by Wilkinson dated 1824.

A VIEW, LOOKING FROM PICCADILLY TOWARDS AIR STREET, REGENT STREET.

Nash's work, shown above, has now been ruthlessly destroyed.

From a print by Havell. Circa 1840.

WATERLOO PLACE.

Showing Messrs. Cox's newly built premises on the right, and the Crimean War Memorial in the centre, with the statues of Florence Nightingale and Sydney Herbert in front.

From a recent photograph.

THE EAST END OF ONSLOW SQUARE, LOOKING NORTH.

South Kensington Station stands on the site of the small houses shown in the right-hand corner of the picture.

From a coloured lithograph. Circa 1840.

Court is now was once an enormous mansion built by Albert Grant, about 1874, and called Kensington House, because it rose on the site of an earlier building of the same name. It is said to have cost a quarter of a million, and was elaborately decorated and furnished. When the crash came in 1882, this house and its contents (I remember going over it just before that event) were sold, and the place was subsequently pulled down, the marble staircase finding its way to Madame Tussaud's.

It is not within my scheme to continue this peregrination farther west, but I may state that in 1811 old Kensington Church, of red-brick and stone, still stood where St. Mary Abbott's is now; that the houses in Phillimore Place looked then not unlike they do today; that Holland House (without its splendid iron wrought gate, but with a wooden one between brick piers) was plainly visible from the roadway (for iron railings were there then as now, although less elaborate ones); and that beyond this as far as what is now the Addison Road railway bridge, but was then called Counter's Bridge, the road was to all intents and purposes a country lane, bordered by hedgerows and only broken, opposite where Earl's Court Terrace (now Edwardes Terrace) was to come, by the White Horse tavern on the north side of the thoroughfare.

The changes that have taken place in this area are symptomatic of those which have occurred in many parts of the West End. North of the Park, with the coming of what was generically called Tyburnia, all sorts of old picturesque landmarks went down before the advent of the builder; while Regent's Park was created a residential centre from the open fields which then existed in that quarter, about the time that the Knightsbridge and Kensington Road we have been scouring were in the condition I have described.

In the region of Museums, in South Kensington an even more drastic change is observable, and Onslow Square and Onslow Gardens, Elm Park Gardens, and the houses of the great Cromwell Road development, have all risen on those market gardens and nurseries with which this area was once full. Patches of greenery, in the various gardens of the squares and in little oases elsewhere, serve to keep alive (although in a sophisticated way) the memory of this once rural environment; and the green grass and ancient trees which stood in front of the old South Kensington Museum (the Brompton Boilers as it was irreverently called) accentuated this air, before Sir Aston Webb came with his vast structure, and gave us red-brick for grass and statues for trees.*

In Mayfair the changes are not so obvious, although rebuilding and reconstruction of old houses on more elaborate lines have been rampant, because since the middle of the eighteenth century the squares and

* The accompanying picture shows the two houses which stood where South Kensington railway station is now.

streets, preserving so many of the earlier types of that period's architecture, remain essentially as they were. But certain mansions in Grosvenor Square have been renewed in the old manner; in Curzon Street, Sunderland House has taken the place of Mayfair Chapel, and has overshadowed the rural surroundings of Crewe House; the gardens of Chesterfield House have been lopped off, and even its colonnade, which once stretched away on each side of the mansion, has been drawn in at right angles to it. In Park Lane the glorious Dorchester House took the place of an earlier structure bearing the same name, in which, by the way, the famous Marquis of Hertford died; the old houses at the north corner (in one of which Mr. Murray Smith, the publisher, lived) have gone in favour of an immense block of flats; and the Marble Arch has been left on its island by the widening of the roadway between it and the Park which formerly extended up to it. Lower down in Park Lane, the classic picture gallery, so incongruous an adjunct to the Georgian character of Grosvenor House, had been erected by Cundy, in 1827, the architect who some fifteen years later added the screen on the other side of the ducal residence, in Upper Grosvenor Street.

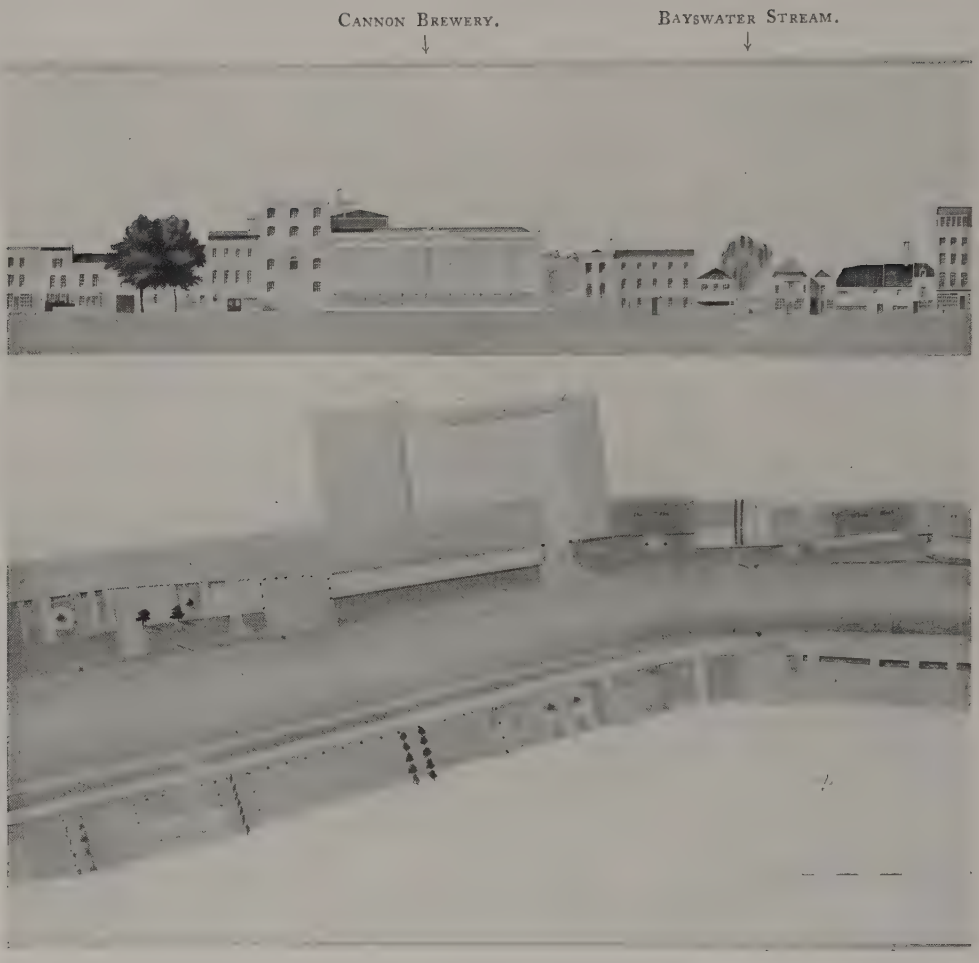
Hyde Park Corner, too, entirely changed its alignment when the Arch which stood opposite the Park entrance was set back at the top of Constitution Hill, and all sorts of changes made in the surrounding roadway. Then the statue of the Duke of Wellington (at which *Punch* used to poke fun, and which is now at Aldershot) surmounted the arch where Captain Adrian Jones's remarkable quadriga (the finest thing in this way we have in London) bears the fame which the great Duke won. These changes have come to pass in our own day, but who could say when they happened? Who remembers that Victoria Street did not exist before 1851, and indeed was only completely filled with buildings in 1887? We have all seen that thoroughfare (which George Augustus Sala, who lived in it, said was for its size, during six months, the darkest street in London) change gradually into an avenue of shops; but it took a long time for it to make up its mind to undergo this metamorphosis. Before it came into existence, all this part was a congeries of small streets and lanes leading apparently anywhere but east and west, and the narrow Tothill Street emerging into York Street was its indifferent equivalent.

As one wanders about this westerly portion of London one cannot but acknowledge what improvements have been made in one direction: that of wider and more conveniently planned thoroughfares. You have only to look at, say, Horwood's map to see how, but a century and a quarter ago, narrow and purposeless were these connecting-links, how dangerous they must have been even in pre-motor days; how dirty and unkempt they were we know from innumerable descriptions.

GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

The Albert Hall and its surrounding buildings stand on the site of this mansion, famous as the residence of Lady Blessington, and its gardens.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd. Circa 1850.



A PORTION OF THE COLOURED PLAN, PREPARED BY JOSEPH SALWAY, FOR THE KENSINGTON TURNPIKE TRUST IN 1811.

This section shows the old Cannon Brewery and the Bayswater stream (indicated by the willow-tree), where Albert Gate is now. The low-tiled building to the right was the White Hart Inn, whose site is now covered by the French Embassy.

A FURTHER SECTION OF SALWAY'S PLAN, SHOWING THE HALFWAY HOUSE WHICH STOOD IN THE ROADWAY A LITTLE EAST OF KINGSTON HOUSE (THEN OCCUPIED BY THE EARL OF STAIR), ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

AFTER THE OPERA.

Illustration by George and Robert Cruikshank for Pierce Egan's "Life in London."

Dated 1821.

Then, Oxford Street was perhaps the widest thoroughfare in the west, and even this where it joined Holborn was diverted round the exiguous portion of High Street and what was euphemistically called Broad Street, St. Giles's. But Long Acre and the narrow Strand then appeared relatively wide and important, and the earlier Georgians no more dreamed of ample highways like Regent Street and Kingsway than they dreamed of motor-cars or aeroplanes. Nor, of course, did they need them, as a more thickly populated and progressively minded city needs them. The lumbering coach and the deliberate sedan asked for passage room and that was all; but the foot-passengers who had not the shelter of the pavement, and who had in wet weather, and even from other causes, to give the eaves and windows of houses a wide berth, were often in parlous state from the splashing of hoofs and wheels, and the hundred and one *désagréments* which Gay so pathetically details in his "Trivia." Even at a much later date such things were a menace to the temper and the garments of pedestrians; and it has remained for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to come with their macadam and wood pavements, their broader side-walks (as our American friends persist in calling them), and their underground passages, to ameliorate such conditions, and to convert walking in London from being what it was—a curse—to what it is—a pleasure. A pleasure, yes-s-s, when there are not too many people about, and sky-signs do not congregate groups of sky-gazers, and the country cousin does not assemble his whole family in a group across the pavement, and so forth.

But yes, walking in London, in spite of all these things, is a pleasure, because as you walk you can wonder at so much that is new, and above all, can repeople the streets with the great ones who have trod the stones before you, or can reconstruct some vanished building. When you do this you inevitably conjure up a crowd of memories—memories that carry you back to Victorian days, to Georgian times, to the days of the Carolines and the Tudors, and thus through the enchanted forests of the illimitable past of which we are really a part. When we walk up St. James's Street, we are but doing what the bluff Harry did; when we stroll in the Park, we know that Charles and his merry men also strolled there; when we loiter under the trees of Kensington Gardens, well, so did Caroline the Illustrious, and Mary Lepel and my Lord Hervey; when we go to a theatre or a cinema, we are but descendants of those who also went to less elaborate playhouses or wondered at dioramas and cosmoramas *et hoc genus omne;* when we go to see an aeroplane fly away into the sky, we are following in the footsteps of those who went to Marylebone Gardens to see Mr. Graham and his balloon ascend; when we fight our way to Wembley, so did our forebears fight theirs to Ranelagh and Vauxhall.

One thing we can do which they never could: we can scour the city from end to end, from top to bottom, underground like moles; one thing they did we have ceased to find amusing, and the river—that glorious river which so gracefully serpentines through our midst—is a closed highway to us. No longer do we take our pleasure on it; no longer is its surface gay with music and colour; we seem frightened to look at it, as if what Grosley said was true—that we regard it as a means of ending life, not of enjoying it. The fact is, I think, that we are ashamed to look it in the face, after we have made it hideous by horrible iron bridges; after we have run trains across it; after we have neglected one of its banks so disgracefully that, instead of being a beautiful adjunct, it has degenerated into being a mass of dilapidation and an eyesore.

TEMPLE BAR, WITH THE OLD BULK SHOP ON ITS WESTERN SIDE.

From a coloured print by J. W. Archer, dated 1850.

IV

SOME LESSER-KNOWN ASPECTS OF THE GREAT THOROUGHFARES

As one wanders up and down the Fleet Street of today, it is difficult enough to recall to the inward eye the thoroughfare of the eighteenth or any earlier century; it is not easy to reconstruct its outlines even as it was within one's own remembrance. Little or nothing remains speaking to us directly of the past, with the exception of No. 17, which in spite of structural alterations carries us back to Stuart times, and the entrances to the Temple which mask the cloistral beauty—sadly marred as much of that is—hidden behind them. There is no need to particularise. The Law Courts and the preposterous Griffin, rebuilt banks and refaced Inns, immense newspaper offices and isolated attempts at street widening, have all combined in leaving no aroma of the old, historic highway except its name and the memories clinging around it, which not even time or the builder can wholly destroy.

With the courts and alleys, little rivulets tributary to the great stream, the case is different. Many of them, to be sure, have been improved out of all knowledge; many, too, have wholly disappeared; but even those whose diminutive entrances promise so much and reveal so little to the enquiring spirit, possess still an atmosphere of an earlier day; while in certain of them you will be rewarded by the existence of some architectural feature perilously, as it seems, existing amid the new and the frankly utilitarian. But taken as a whole it is in their associations, in the memories they evoke, not in themselves, that they are significant; unlike those in Paris which, remaining cheek by jowl next to flaunting boulevards and streets bearing the impress of Haussmann, yet preserve the spirit of the Moyen Age dominant and impressive.

Although the two entrances from Fleet Street into the Temple hardly come under the designation of courts or alleys, they are at the same time byways out of the main thoroughfare. Their associations are, however, very dissimilar, for while *Middle Temple Lane* can but

boast one outstanding literary inhabitant, in the person of Elias Ashmole, who here, in 1679, lost by fire the bulk of his antiquarian possessions, *Inner Temple Lane* literally bristles with the memories of illustrious inhabitants. Here Johnson lived at No. 1 from 1760 to 1765, and was visited on a famous occasion by Madame de Boufflers in the room which Boswell describes as he first saw it on July 17, 1763. Hither came the assiduous Scotsman to be near his idol. Ten years earlier, in 1752 to be precise, William Cowper was residing in the lane; and many years later Charles Lamb removed from Southampton Buildings to No. 4. In those " delicious rooms," as he termed them, Elia dwelt from 1809 till 1817, although he had once asserted that he would live and die in Inner Temple Lane. There are no remains of the rooms once occupied by any of these notable men, but at least the entrance to them still stands, and so long as it does it will be associated with the figure of the great Doctor rolling about in inextinguishable merriment, " roaring all the way to the Temple gate, where having arrived, he burst into such convulsive laughter that in order to support himself he laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night, his voice seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch." The reason for this tremendous outburst of hilarity, as given by Boswell, seems to us inadequate enough, but that Homeric laughter will re-echo down Fleet Street for all time, drowning the roar of the motor-bus and rising dominant over centuries of noisy traffic.

The twin gates of the Temple are populous with the ghosts of all kinds of illustrious ones, but to be comprehensive is impossible, and with Johnson's laughter ringing in our ears let us pass on to *Falcon Court* close by, where at the sign of " The Falcon " Wynkyn de Worde lived, where Sackville's " Gorboduc " was first printed by William Griffith, and where, at No. 32, under which the court runs, John Murray I. began his career as publisher, and from here issued " Childe Harold." It was in Falcon Court, too, that that notable thief Captain James Hind was taken by the officers of justice. But again it is Johnson who adds the human touch, for does not Boswell tell us that accidentally meeting him close by, the pair " stepped aside into Falcon Court," when the Doctor gave voice to an aphorism: " Sir, a London morning does not go with the sun "?

Taverns were as the sands of the sea in Fleet Street in those days, and *Hercules Pillars Alley* was full of them, according to Strype, and indeed took its name from the most important. So, too, did *Mitre Court*, in whose " Buildings " Lamb once lived and could see the Surrey hills from his aery. But those Mitre Court Buildings are not identical with the present ones, which were not erected till thirty years after

THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET.

The house was purchased by the Royal Society in 1710; it was destroyed by fire in 1877.

From a drawing by C. J. Smith, dated 1830.

ST. CLEMENT'S DANES, WITH THE ENTRANCE TO CLEMENT'S INN.
The eastern wing of Aldwych now emerges where this semicircular block of buildings then stood.
From a coloured print. Circa 1800.

THE GRIFFIN, IN FLEET STREET, SET UP TO MARK THE SITE OF TEMPLE BAR, IN 1880.
A portion of the Law Courts and the West End branch of the Bank of England form the background, Bell Yard running between them.

From a recent photograph.

HOLYWELL STREET, LOOKING WEST, AND SHOWING THE OLD HOUSES ON THE SOUTH SIDE.
The Half-Moon sign was a noted landmark in the street before the latter was cleared away for the Aldwych-Kingsway improvement.

From a drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1851.

Elia's sojourn here. Another centre of taverns was *Ram Alley*, afterwards renamed *Hare Court*, a place of no great reputation, but notable as having its name enshrined in the title of an early seventeenth-century play. As leading into, and in fact forming part of, that once redoubtable quarter known as *Alsatia*, Ram Alley was the abode of many a questionable character, and was the scene of many an unseemly brawl, one of which is described by Hamon l'Estrange in his "Life of Charles I." The name of the *Little Lombard Street*, still existing close by, is supposed to have been the outcome of a form of humour peculiarly Alsatian and depending for its point on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

Bouverie Street, once called Whitefriars Street, is, of course, outside a purview that deals with courts and alleys, but it may be mentioned as being the chief inlet to that large area known as Whitefriars (from Sir Richard Gray's foundation of a colony of Carmelite monks here in 1241), which possesses such an interesting history and into which various smaller tributaries of the main thoroughfare flow. The annals of this locality divide themselves roughly between its early religious history and that period of notoriety when as *Alsatia* it bulked largely in the political and literary records of the seventeenth century.

Passing by its fringe with this allusion, we find the tiny *Bolt in Tun Court*, once an adjunct of the hostelry bearing that sign—a rebus on the name of Bolton, as most people are aware. Between this and Water Lane, now transformed into Whitefriars Street, are *Crown Court*, *Hanging Sword Alley* and *White Lion Court*. Of these, Hanging Sword Alley is alone of particular interest, for its history can be traced back to 1564, when it formed part of the Bishop of Salisbury's manor, and was then also known as Ouldwood Alley. It took its present name from "a house called the Hanging Sword." Later it was known as Blood Bowl Alley from a notorious meeting-place bearing that appellation, and familiar to many from Hogarth's print of its interior in "Industry and Idleness"; while it has its place in literature as the home of Jerry Cruncher in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Salisbury Court itself (it was once called Dorset Court) has a special interest from the fact that its name helps to perpetuate the Bishop of Salisbury's possessions in this neighbourhood, and is, besides, notable as being part and parcel of what we know as Salisbury Square, where Bulstrode Whitelocke once lived, where Locke wrote, and Shadwell, and perhaps Dryden. But the place will, in spite of such names, always be chiefly associated with Richardson, who here lived and wrote and published. Whoever paces the now sophisticated purlieus of Salisbury Square, is treading on ground where Richardson received Johnson and Hogarth and wrote "Pamela," and where Goldsmith read proofs for

the *genius loci*, and where at an earlier day the theatre, bearing a variety of names in succession, was run by Davenant and was so favourite a resort of Pepys.

There are only two more courts on the south side of Fleet Street, notably *St. Bride's Avenue* and *St. Bride's Lane*. The former is relatively modern, having been formed so late as 1825, but Milton once lived on its site, and as *Punch* was published from here for many years, the avenue has its literary flavour, if not the antiquarian interest attaching to so many of these little byways. St. Bride's Lane, on the other hand, is far older. Various seventeenth-century tokens are extant bearing its name. Once, a tavern with the sign of the " Twelve Bells " stood in it, and here the first assemblies of the Madrigal Society were held in 1741; while the " Cogers " used once to meet at No. 15.

If we cross over to the north side of Fleet Street we shall find a series of courts and alleys as interesting as those we have just left. For instance, almost immediately opposite Bride Lane is *Black Horse Alley*, which is to be found existing so early as 1618, and which no doubt takes its name from a prominent sign there. About the middle of the eighteenth century there was a collocation of low houses at this spot known as the " Devil's Nook "—a fact that hardly indicates that it was, as the old topographers are fond of expressing it, " well inhabited." Coming west we find *Poppin's*, or, as Horwood spells it, *Popping's*, *Court*. In Hollar's time it was known as Papinger or Poppinger Alley, and its rather curious name is derived from the Poppingaye, the Inn of the Abbot of Cirencester. It is a quaint little byway, truncated in 1870 when Bridge Street was formed and having lost all signs of antiquity except its name. Nor does *Racquet Court*, a few steps further, lend itself to exhaustive exposition; there may have been, and probably was, a racquet court in the alley, or close by, but that is conjecture. However, it supplied a victim of the plague, as we learn from one of those dismal lists issued at the time; and in 1721, it was here that Dennis Connel was killed in a duel by one Thomas Wicks. Its significance, to-day, lies in the fact that its picturesque old houses recall the period of Johnson, and even of an earlier time, better than do almost any of those in the other courts of Fleet Street whose memories are so much fuller and more interesting.

Shoe Lane by name comes within my scheme; but in reality it is so much of a street that one cannot loiter over its past records or notable residents; and if one ventured on an itinerary which should embrace the many courts that once ran, and to some extent still run, into it, there would be no end to our investigations. But one can never forget that the cockpit which once existed in the lane was visited by Pepys—who,

WYCH STREET, LOOKING EAST, WITH OLD HOUSES ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

The church tower is that of St. Clement's Danes.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1851.

↑ Holywell Street.

↑ Wych Street.

OLD HOUSES BETWEEN WYCH STREET AND HOLYWELL STREET.

These houses were pulled down in 1855, but others were erected on their site; they faced St. Clement's Danes.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1855.

THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

The arcade was designed, in 1830, by Witherden Young; it was named after Lord Lowther, Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Messrs. Coutts's Bank now occupies its site.

From a lithograph by R. Martin, dated 1830.

THE THATCHED HOUSE, SAID TO HAVE BEEN NELL GWYNN'S DAIRY, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE STRAND.

This tavern gave the name to Thatched House Court, which ran rather to the west of Southampton Street.

From a drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1854.

however, on his own showing, soon had " enough of it "—as well as by the grave Sir Henry Wotton, who is careful to observe that he was an infrequent haunter of such places.

The offices of the *Daily Telegraph* dominate this part of Fleet Street, and adjoining them runs *Peterborough Court*, where in 1727 a workhouse was opened. This alley took its name from the hostel of the Abbot of Peterborough, and belonged to that see till 1863, when it was purchased by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is a relic, as are so many of these little byways, of Elizabethan times, or if not quite so old, nearly so, bearing names that are still more ancient; and it is linked up with mid-Victorian journalism by its " young Lions," over whom Matthew Arnold played the lambent fire of his wit. If Peterborough Court has thus some literary flavour, *Wine Office Court* close by has far more, for here " The Vicar of Wakefield " was written, or partly written, at No. 6; here Johnson is said to have read the manuscript, and having taken it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and returned to Goldsmith with the money, of which the improvident genius was not long in disposing. Wine Office Court, so named from the office for the sale of wine licences, once possessed a fig-tree, but its fame is chiefly associated with the Cheshire Cheese, which stands partly within its precincts. This hostelry dates back to Elizabethan days. Here, it is said, occurred the well-known passage of wit between Ben Jonson and Sylvester; Herrick alludes to the visits of the former here; Charles II. and Nell Gwynn are recorded as among its many notable patrons, but it is the days of Dr. Johnson (although curiously Boswell makes no allusion to the tavern) that the place chiefly recalls, and the later days when Dickens and Tennyson, and the notable group of *Punch* men—Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor—used to forgather here. The whole place is redolent of an earlier time when a tavern seat was the height of human felicity, as Johnson once termed it. Its waiter, William, was a kind of landmark, with his " Any gentleman say *pudden?*" to which a crusty old visitor once wrathfully replied, " No *gentleman* says pudden." Its lark-pie, the " pudden " in question, has become world famous. What clubs have not met here: the " Rhymers'," the " Soakers'," the " Johnson," and the rest. Who can forget the story told of the evergreen G. A. S.? Sala was commissioned by a Fleet Street newspaper to go to Paris and write a series of articles on famous cafés and restaurants and their specialities. He did so, and every day made the mouths of his readers water at the record of the good things to be had in *la ville lumière*. The articles finished, he returned to London, and, reaching Charing Cross, threw himself into a hansom and told the cabby to drive to the Cheshire Cheese. Arrived there he rushed in, and calling aloud for the head-

waiter, exclaimed: " William, for heaven's sake get me a steak and potatoes, *I haven't had anything to eat for a fortnight.*"

Beyond marking the site of a former tavern *Hind Court* is not specially interesting, but *Bolt Court* next to it has imperishable memories. Indeed, it is one of Fleet Street's most interesting byways, for it is one of the places where we have the great Doctor more tangibly than in any of the many corners of London where his shadow once fell, but where his memory is at best an ephemeral one.

Indeed no place, save Gough Square, is so closely connected with that towering figure. Here he lived at No. 8 from 1776 till his death in 1784, paying a rent of £40. Here he cultivated his garden, and in his " decent drawing room . . . not inferior to others in the same local situation, and with stout, old-fashioned mahogany table and chairs," to borrow Letitia Hawkins's description, he received his many visitors, including Mrs. Siddons to whom when a chair was not immediately forthcoming he remarked with more than Chesterfieldian wit and politeness: " You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be had."

Others have made Bolt Court memorable, such as the astronomer James Ferguson, and the publicist William Cobbett who published his " Register " at No. 11; but it is Johnson who dominates the place, as he does the court called by his name (although it took it from another Johnson who died in 1626) and of which he once described himself, as " Johnson of that Ilk." He lived at No. 7, indeed, in Johnson's Court, from 1765 to 1776, and here wrote his " Tour to the Hebrides " and published his edition of Shakespeare. He was accustomed, while here, to work in an upstairs room which was light and airy, and which he had fitted up as a study and furnished with the rather dilapidated collection of books which formed his library. *Red Lion Court* and *Crane Court*, too, have both a literary and scientific flavour, for in the former was the " Cicero's Head," famous as the printing office of Nichols and Sons, where the *Gentleman's Magazine* was once printed; while the latter is indissolubly connected with the Royal Society, which purchased the house at the end of the court once inhabited by that great builder Nicholas Barebone, the son of Praise-God-Barebone. Nicholas is said to have been christened "If-Jesus-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned-Barebone," which became, almost inevitably, shortened to Damned-Barebone. Wren rebuilt the house in 1670. The Royal Society first occupied it in 1711, when Newton was President, and remained here for just on seventy years. After such an historic association, the other memories of Crane Court, personal as well as publishing, can be but regarded in the light of an anti-climax.

THE SHOP OF RICHARDSON, THE PRINTSELLER, AT THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF VILLIERS STREET, STRAND.

Part of the fore-court of Charing Cross Station now occupies this site.

From a drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1857.

COUTTS'S BANK.
↓

HOUSES ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE STRAND, ERECTED, IN 1737, ON THE SITE OF BRITAIN'S BOURSE.

The centre house was for many years the bank of Messrs. Coutts. All these houses have, during the last few years, been demolished for the Strand widening scheme.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1853.

THE WEST END OF THE STRAND, AND CHARING CROSS.

Behind the statue of Charles I. may be seen Northumberland House, demolished in 1873. Northumberland Avenue runs through its site. On the left is the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

From the coloured lithograph by T. S. Boys, dated 1842.

THE SOUTH FRONT OF EXETER 'CHANGE.

Burleigh Street marks approximately the site of this building, which extended into the thoroughfare, and at one time had a passage-way for pedestrians through it.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd. Circa 1829.

Fleur-de-Lis Court, where Mrs. Brownrigg beat her apprentice, Mary Clifford, to death—a circumstance which gave rise to Canning's much-quoted lines, brings us to Fetter Lane, which, with its purlieus, is as full of associations as Chancery Lane, and cannot be included in a chapter dealing with lesser byways only. But such small turnings as *Apollo Court*, probably marking the site of the Apollo tavern, *Fig-Tree Court*, and *Bell Yard* where once stood the Bell tavern belonging to the Priors of St. John and mentioned so early as 1572—a yard called " a filthy old place " by Pope's friend Fortescue, who lived at its upper end, and in which once resided Neckett, the servitor of Coavinses as well as " the man from Shropshire " of " Bleak House "—conjure up all sorts of varied memories.

All these byways have been swept out of existence by the Law Courts, whose coming also obliterated *Shire Lane*, known in James I.'s reign as *Rogues' Lane*. Shire Lane is chiefly famous for the fact that at one of its taverns—the Trumpet—the Kit Kat Club had its genesis. In 1845 Shire Lane was renamed Serles' Place and was divided into an Upper and a Lower street, the demarcation between these being the spot where the Trumpet stood. In spite of this change, however, the name of Shire Lane was used as often as the newer title, even down to the day when all this locality was cleared for Street's Gothic structure. In addition to the fame which the Kit Kat Club gave to what was an essentially low and notorious neighbourhood, it should be remembered that at an earlier day Shire Lane was once inhabited by several notable people. Sir Charles Sedley was one of these, Elias Ashmole another; while in 1767, Hoole, the translator of Tasso, was residing here, and was visited by the outstanding literary men of the day.

I suppose that in no other part of London could be found a thoroughfare with courts and alleys so full of memories and such suggestive ones, as Fleet Street. If few of those that remain, bearing old and often quaint names (one is called Hen and Chicken Court, by the by), can be said, from their present appearance, to recall the past, the peculiar atmosphere that hangs about them is sufficiently insistent to do so. If one great figure permeates not a few of them, the ghost of many an illustrious one of earlier days challenges attention, and helps to carry our minds back to periods when a sort of picturesqueness, different from what now obtains, was observable in the land. We are accustomed to talk glibly of the good old times, forgetful that the London of today will be the good old times of later generations, a good old time when health and sanitation and at least outward decency reigned, in place of the filth and squalor that went hand in hand with the more decorative dress and more formal manners of a still earlier period. The byways of Fleet Street may not be so picturesque as they once were, but at any

rate they are cleaner; and if no Johnson is labouring in a garret within sound of motors and taxis, there are plenty still who are probably doing equally good work, and who will not impossibly leave records as notable as his.

I have spoken of Fleet Street first because that link with the city is the most important of the thoroughfares which run from west to east; and to all intents and purposes, although not strictly so as London's boundaries are now marked, is the farthest flung tentacle of the West End in the direction of the City, if we take the City, as I like to think it still, as beginning at what was once Lud-gate but which is now merely the lower end of Ludgate Hill, with a hideous railway bridge sprawling over the thoroughfare. Bridge Street, where the Fleet river once flowed, and the Fleet market was and the Fleet Prison, and the Fleet marriages took place, always seems to me the natural and proper division between east and west London. No one can regard the absurd Griffin opposite the Law Courts as marking anything but its own stupidity in getting in the way of the traffic. When Temple Bar was there, it was different; but as the Corporation permitted that feature to be carried away to its sylvan haunt in Hertfordshire, it must put up—at least here—with having its authority restricted, within its original limits !

As we proceed westwards from this point where the Law Courts impends in massive mediævalism, over the roadway, we emerge into an area which has undergone greater changes than any part of London. In earlier times St. Clement's Danes was surrounded by a collocation of buildings, some of which formed what were called " The Straits of St. Clement's," and Butcher's Row bulged into the street where Picket's Place was to come subsequently, and where the Law Courts were destined to replace Picket's Place. What all this part looked like before the Aldwych-Kingsway scheme became an accomplished fact may be seen in innumerable prints, and its alignment from the plans of Rocque, Horwood, and others. What memories, as well as what filth and squalor, were swept away by that improvement can be estimated when one remembers what was there before: Clement's Inn (where Falstaff heard the chimes at midnight) and Lyon's Inn, Holywell Street (that bookman's paradise—a dirty paradise, but how pleasant !) and Wych Street, where one found oneself unexpectedly entering little underground theatres like the Olympic, where Maypole Alley had once been, and the Globe, which rose in the excavations made for an hotel which never materialised.

Nor is it only on the north side of the Strand that drastic changes have occurred. Just opposite this very spot one remembers little Thanet Place, where the Rose tavern once was, and where a vine (some-

OPENING OF NEW HUNGERFORD MARKET, JULY 2, 1833.

Site of the present Charing Cross Railway Station, taken from the river-side.

From a lithograph by R. W. Billings.

THE BUILDINGS OF HUNGERFORD MARKET.

Charing Cross Railway Station occupies its site. It was originally erected in 1680, but rebuilt, as seen here, in 1831–1833. The Suspension Bridge was constructed by Brunel, and opened in 1845.

From an old print.. Circa 1833.

CHARING CROSS RAILWAY BRIDGE AS IT IS.

Originally the station had a span-roof, but this collapsed, and was replaced by the flat roof as here seen. The building on the left is the Playhouse.

From a recent photograph.

THE STONE BRIDGE WHICH ONCE CONNECTED MR. COUTTS'S HOUSE IN THE ADELPHI WITH HIS BANK IN THE STRAND.

It was designed for him by William Adam, and is said to be the only piece of work known to be his alone. It is in Durham House Street, just west of the Tivoli.

From a recent photograph.

times with ripe grapes on it) covered the walls; and little Palsgrave Court, with its own particular tavern, the Palsgrave's Head; but you may search long enough for either today; although Devereux Court next to Twinings', where the Grecian Coffee House was and Tom's, altered as it is, is characteristic of these little tributaries. The Strand has been, and is being still more, changed out of all recognition, and with the exception of the two churches and the north front of Somerset House, there is practically nothing remaining as it was. Forty odd years ago, when it was filled with hansom cabs and lumbering horse omnibuses, when people even wore top-hats there, when Exeter Hall re-echoed to other sounds than those of knives and forks; before widening had begun, and Coutts's was still a landmark, and people were seduced (like Sir James Barrie) into buying things they did not want in the Lowther Arcade (whither Coutts's has migrated), there was an air of intimacy about the street which with the coming of classic Tivolis and pseudo-Adams façades it seems, today, to lack. But even before these, other changes had come to pass, and with the demolition of Northumberland House in 1873, that unnecessary blunder, there began the half-century of alteration which has been going on intermittently. Just ten years earlier still, Charing Cross Station replaced old Hungerford Market, and with its coming all the memories connoted by the name of Hungerford Stairs, and so forth, departed, and it is now only the ghosts of little David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber that we are likely to meet in a wholly changed environment, without any building with which to connect them, unless it be those " dark arches " which the curious may still investigate beneath the colony of houses which the Adams raised above them.

Even the Adelphi itself has been penetrated, although one is glad to find the little bridge, which once connected Mr. Coutts's house there with his bank, still remaining—a miniature bridge of sighs which has so much cause for sighing.

Nor is it only in the Adelphi that such changes have occurred. The precincts of the Savoy Chapel have been entered, and that little church is being built round and hemmed in on all sides. It is just four hundred and twenty years since it was built; but the fire of 1864 only left its walls standing, so that what we see is chiefly Smirke's restoration, which is just sixty years old. The Strand is, indeed, today but a street of memories; but they are memories that have outlived the processes by which its material landmarks have gradually been permitted to pass into the limbo of the past, and as such they will always envelop the street with an aura of charm, even if it be coupled with melancholy.

In Holborn, its counterpart farther north, there is the same tale

to be told; but, there, the old houses forming the front of Staple Inn reveal an unexpected recognition of the claims of the past, although the blatant red-brick of the buildings which have replaced Furnival's Inn (where Dickens wrote "Pickwick") has done much to bring the thoroughfare into line with modern ideas.

Holborn's transformation came when the Viaduct was formed, in 1869, over the Fleet valley, hitherto approached on each side respectively by Holborn Hill and Snow Hill, with the result that St. Andrew's Church was left in a hole. There is no doubt, however, that this was one of the greatest improvements ever undertaken in London. Dickens and other writers have left on record the danger and *désagréments* of those steep inclines, which, if we had the winters they apparently used to have in those days, would now form a sort of Metropolitan Cresta Run.

Two years before the Viaduct came into being, some houses on the south side of Holborn, known as Middle Row, which stood just west of Holborn Bars (where the Gray's Inn Road is), were demolished, and did for this thoroughfare what the removal of one side of Parliament Street did for Whitehall and of Holywell Street for the Strand.

But it is in its byways that Holborn is chiefly fascinating today. The thoroughfare itself has the merit of width, to be sure; but somehow it fails to appeal to the imagination as do the Strand and Fleet Street and Piccadilly, and even the presence of the Elizabethan houses, which seem to hang perilously over the pavement and look like a bit of Chester placed here for show, is not sufficient to give anything but a local touch of romance to what is otherwise frankly commercial and business-like. And, indeed, their half-timbered fronts mask romance, for if you pass under the archway into the cloistral seclusion that there awaits you, you will come to the doorway leading to Mr. Grewgious's rooms, where Rosa Bud sheltered before she was settled in Wood's Hotel in Furnival's Inn across Holborn, and Mr. Tartar did amazing acrobatic feats along the Georgian ledges and sills.

If, too, you turn up Warwick Court (where Warwick House used to be down to Caroline days), you emerge into a Georgian atmosphere—an atmosphere which is accentuated as you press on into Bedford Row (where the "Conspiracy," recorded by Thackeray, took place) or Raymond Buildings, and wander about their purlieus—the purlieus of Gray's Inn, where the ghost of Bacon haunts, and where little courts and alleys—Fulwood's Rents, Hand Court, and the rest—seem for ever reminiscent of an earlier day in spite of new buildings which have penetrated into their recesses.

Or on the south side, near the Viaduct, you may find in Bartlett's Buildings some authentic remains of an earlier time, although I observe

BARTLETT'S BUILDINGS, HOLBORN.

These picturesque old buildings are on the south side of Holborn, close to the Viaduct. Although much spoiled they yet retain many of their Georgian characteristics.

From a recent photograph.

CUMBERLAND GATE, HYDE PARK, LOOKING TOWARDS OXFORD STREET.

This arch was designed by Sir John Soane, but was pulled down, and replaced by a gate erected in 1822. The original entrance to the Park at this spot was made in 1774–75.

From a water-colour drawing. Circa 1820.

THE MARBLE ARCH, AT CUMBERLAND GATE.

The Marble Arch was removed from Buckingham Palace to this spot in 1850. In comparatively recent times the Park railing was set back, leaving the arch in the isolated position it now occupies. It was designed by Nash more or less from the Arch of Constantine at Rome.

From a recent photograph.

VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO LONDON AT TYBURN TURNPIKE.

On the right is approximately the site now occupied by the Marble Arch; and on the left the beginning of the Edgware Road.

From a coloured engraving by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1813.

that this once beautiful little backwater is being sadly spoiled; while farther west Great Turnstile, with its book-shops, leads into the splendid square where the spirit of Georgianism still lingers in spite of the damage which the coming of Kingsway has done to its west side, by the demolition of Sardinia Street and its arched entrance into those Fields in the centre of which William, Lord Russell was judicially murdered.

This stronghold of the law has been the scene of other tragedies, and, in one graceful house on the west, Mr. Tulkinghorn was done to death; yet another is all that remains of Inigo Jones's great scheme of building construction here; while Newcastle House (which Captain Wynde, who designed Buckingham House, built) bears on its warm red-brick façade the armorial bearings of the successive noble occupiers of that once official mansion.

All this part is redolent of that earlier time which we have difficulty in reconstructing in the great thoroughfares; and Chancery Lane and Fetter Lane, where Chichester Rents are and Took's Court, and Neville's Court with its ancient houses that are so difficult to see, recall not only the pages in which Dickens made them live again, but that more remote period when they were well inhabited, and fashion had not as yet swarmed to the west.

If we follow it along Holborn, we come into Oxford Street, which goes on for ever and ever until it emerges into the Bayswater Road, at the spot where the Marble Arch (once in front of Buckingham Palace) stands, a sort of derelict monument, and where in earlier days vast crowds assembled to see some noted highwayman hanged on Tyburn Tree, or to listen to him reading his last dying speech and confession, and later the Tyburn Turnpike stood. In its byways, rather than in the street itself, you may recapture something of the past—a recent past, so to say—and in Newman Street may recall the artistic memories which it connotes, in the names of Banks and Bacon, West and Stothard and Heath, and a sort of Thackerayan aura spread from the pages of "The Newcomes"; or in Berners Street may remember the audacious details of Theodore Hook's famous hoax. But, somehow, there seems to be lacking in Oxford Street anything to compel the imagination to soar beyond the dominant presence of mighty stores and the restless, rushing crowds that are for ever surging up and down before them.

By penetrating into Soho Square, or emulating Gilbert's historic policeman by getting ourselves lost in the mazes of Soho's streets and byways, we can here and there catch the elusive spirit of place; but Charing Cross Road has helped to desecrate much of this part, and commercialism has entered the "quadrate" where Lord Falconberg

lived and the Duke of Monmouth and Ralph Nickleby, and where Mrs. Cornelys held her very mixed assemblies, and the White House was a once notorious haunt. Still there is an old-world air about this quarter which nothing—not the coming of blatant warehouses, not the smell of jam or leather, not the presence of innumerable restaurants which aim at being both cheap and fashionable—can wholly dispel, and the barrows and stalls of Rupert Street have as a background many a house in which fashion really once dwelt; and Walker's Court with its paved way, and Rupert Court, with its almost Italian exiguousness, and Meard's Court, with its posts and its Georgian houses, where Sterne's " Pretty Kitty " once dwelt and Batty Langley, the architect, and on whose tablet the date of its formation, 1732, may still be seen, help to conjure up a past Soho before even Dr. Manette came to live in it and his retired court echoed to the footsteps of Miss Pross's imagining.

One can emerge from these shy haunts into the roar of Regent Street by various ways: Beak Street, which was in existence in the seventeenth century, or Foubert's Place, which perpetuates Major Foubert's riding and fencing school here, of which Evelyn speaks with enthusiasm. Part of the flagged passage remains and reminds us that Rogers, the poet, remembers it being called Foubert's Passage. But what a change greets us when we are once amid the roar and turmoil of the reconstructed Regent Street. Gone is every trace of Nash's handiwork; gone that gracious curve which rivalled Oxford's " High "; and in their place we have those vast structures which seem (in Horace's words) to strike the stars with their sublime heads, and, incidentally, to obliterate much of the sky from our vision.

One, of course, could not but foresee what would happen when Norman Shaw's vast Piccadilly Hotel rose dominant over the stuccoed fronts of Nash's earlier contriving, and shouldered its way in among his colonnades. And now it has come, and Regent Street is splendid, overpoweringly so, and massive, like a mausoleum of the Ptolemys; but it has become narrowed by the increased height of its buildings, and to all intents and purposes another Kingsway, although its architectural features are better than they are in that thoroughfare of warehouses. So completely changed is it, indeed, that to recapture its appearance as it was during the whole Victorian era one has to fall back on the pictorial records of men like Shepherd and Schnebbelie and Bigot (who worked for Tallis). Nothing is so difficult to remember as a building that has been replaced by another; and not only do we forget St. Philip's Chapel, and Tenison's Chapel, and Hanover Chapel, which went long since, but we already can only hazily visualise in the mind's eye the Quadrant, and the County Fire Office, and Nash's own house in Lower Regent Street, which succumbed but recently to the overwhelming

WALKER'S COURT, SOHO.

This byway faces the north end of Rupert Street, and was originally called Paved Court. In spite of rebuilding it preserves the Georgian character noticeable in so many of the alleys in this district.

From a recent photograph.

RUPERT COURT, SOHO.

It is at the south end of Rupert Street, and is a characteristic "bit" of Soho. The carved corbels of the door in the foreground are noticeable.

From a recent photograph.

FOUBERT'S PLACE, REGENT STREET.

It runs into the main thoroughfare opposite Conduit Street, and was named after Major Foubert who, in Charles II.'s days, established a riding school here. It used to be called Foubert's Passage.

From a recent photograph.

SAVILE PLACE, AT THE END OF SAVILE ROW.

The gardens of Burlington House once covered this spot, and the building to the left of the passage was erected by the Earl of Burlington as a garden house. Savile Place was once a pathway through the fields to St. George's Church.

From a recent photograph.

cacoëthes ædificandi of these times. And yet how imposing they were, before we began to out-Timon the Timon of Pope's satire, and like twentieth-century Vanbrughs laid heavier and heavier loads on the long-suffering earth of London.

Regent Street is the only great London thoroughfare which was actually created during the nineteenth century; today we have entirely or almost entirely rebuilt it; Kingsway is the only London thoroughfare of importance brought into being during the twentieth century; one wonders if our descendants will pull it all down, to build still higher structures !

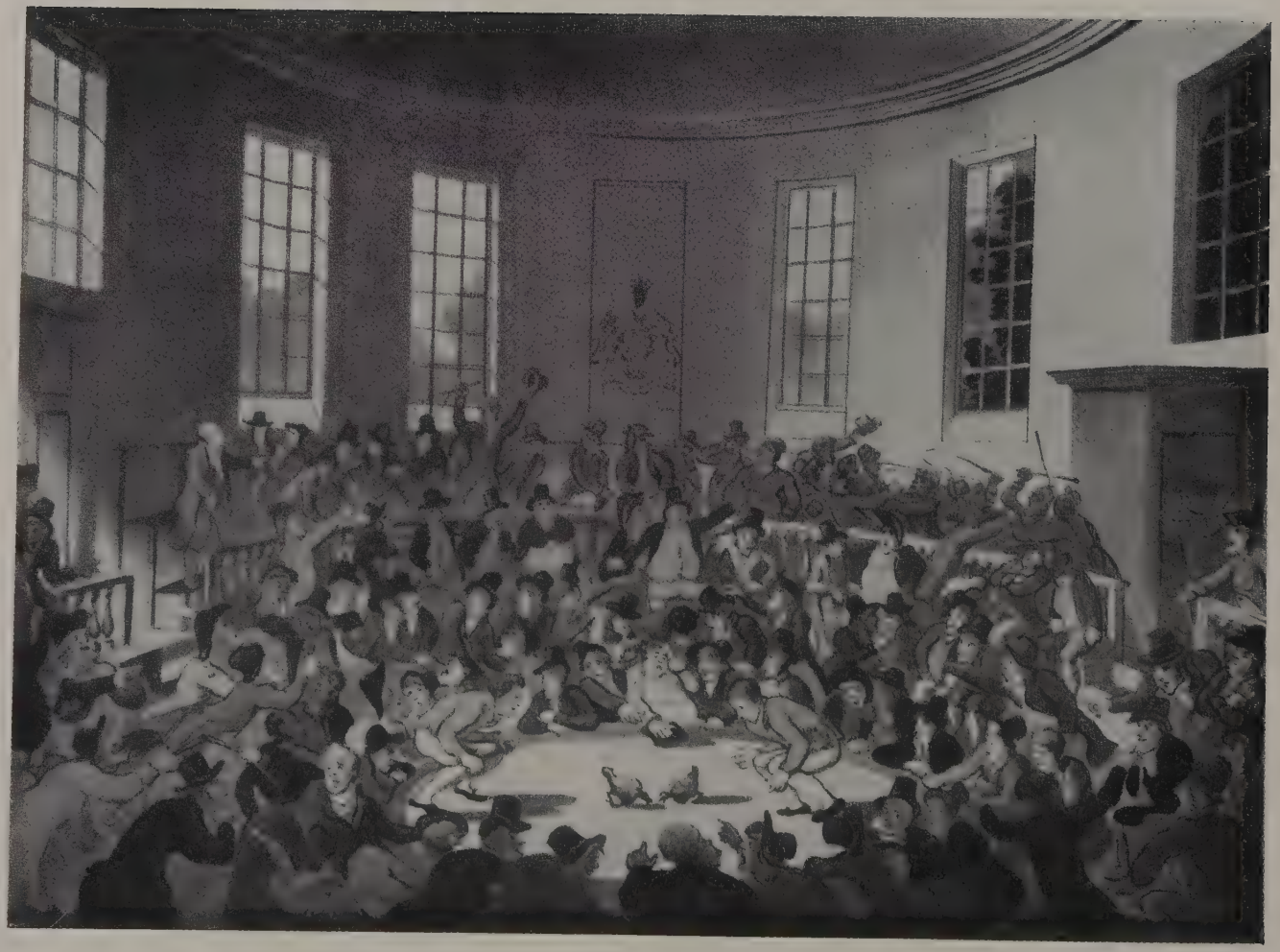
Yet, out of Regent Street are lesser thoroughfares, and courts which will repay investigation, and in Maddox Street, leading to the church of fashionable matrimony (or what at least used to be), and Hanover Street, Conduit Street, New Burlington Street, and Vigo Street, many memories and interesting associations linger, and the cottage-like back entrance to Albany, and little Savile Place, leading from Savile Row (of sartorial fame) to Conduit Street, represent one facet of a past age, of which another is eloquent in the picturesque architecture of Uxbridge House, and the solidity of the surrounding Georgian structures.

It is almost impossible to realise today that during so late as the eighteenth century much of this area was of a pronounced rural character. As we face the streets at the back of Burlington House, it seems well-nigh incredible that the gardens of that structure, or, rather, of the predecessor of the present one, should have stretched back to Conduit Street, and that the building which flanks the south end of little Savile Place should have been a garden house erected by the architect-earl within his ample grounds. Or, rather, this wonder would have been present, did we not realise from the study of successive plans of London how vast has been its increase, and in what a relatively short space of time that increase occurred.

Who can imagine, as he walks down Bond Street, that apotheosis of sophistication, that but a little over two centuries ago fields and hedgerows neighboured this amazing thoroughfare. But it is not merely this that stresses the abnormal growth of the city. If its environs began but a mile away, the increase would appear remarkable; but when we think of the miles of shops and houses which intervene between us at this centre, before we reach what can be now properly called the suburbs, we can alone begin to visualise this extraordinary expansion. For we are linked up with Knightsbridge, which was a rural village in our great-grandfathers' time; and then, again, with Kensington, which was as much so in our grandfathers' day; and even so we are far from London's outskirts, which lie through the arid regions of Earl's Court and Hammersmith, and are only brought to a dead halt by the river flowing as it

flowed when Elizabeth dropped innumerable shoes on innumerable progresses; as it flowed when the Edwards were doing their mighty deeds; as it flowed when William came and wrought us into greatness; as it flowed when the Romans gazed wonderingly at its alien waters. . . .

If we go on developing at this rate our descendants will find a London of another two hundred years, of which Richmond is the west end, and Hertford a northern height.



THE ROYAL COCKPIT, BIRDCAGE WALK.

Its site is approximately marked by Cockpit Stairs leading from Dartmouth Street to Birdcage Walk, Westminster.

From a coloured print by Rowlandson. *Circa* 1870.

V

HIDDEN NOOKS

In the last chapter I have said something about the little alleys and byways which today are alone capable of carrying our minds back to the past, as we scour the great thoroughfares where almost all vestiges of yesterday have disappeared owing to reconstruction and rebuilding; and it is these that we seek for when we would rehabilitate the city in its earlier form. Many of them, as I have remarked, are to be discovered leading directly from those large arteries through which the blood of civic life pulsates with such feverish energy, but even more are to be found hidden away off the lesser thoroughfares; one has only to examine Rocque's plan of 1746, or Horwood's still more detailed survey of half a century later, to realise what numbers of these little courts have disappeared. Many of them formed the entrances to taverns from whose signs they took their names; but some of them perpetuate the titles of noble owners of adjacent houses, or the name of some ground landlord through whose property they run. Some, like Short's Gardens in St. Giles's,* or the Hop Garden in St. Martin's Lane, recorded the one-time presence of rural adjuncts; the notorious Lewknor's Lane, where Jonathan Wild lived and all sorts of people of the lewder sort foregathered, was so named because Sir Lewis Lewknor had once occupied a house in this then not unfashionable neighbourhood. Lewknor's Lane is forgotten in its present rehabilitation as Charles Street; but it was once as much a hot-bed of vice as "Snatcher's Island" close by was, or as was Whetstone Park in another place.

Once it used to be a kind of test of London topographical knowledge to ask the question, Where is Whetstone Park? If there be any Londoner who doesn't know, I may tell him that it runs behind the houses on the north of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is no more like a park than—well, than is the Bow Street where in former days so many of its residents were wont to appear before Sir John Fielding, the magistrate. This

* They were actual gardens in the reign of James I., and the ground all around was then scarcely built over. In 1623 only four householders are recorded as living here.

haunt took its name from one William Whetstone who, besides being a tobacconist, was also one of the parish overseers in the time of Charles I. When the London apprentices had one of their fits of morality, which generally took the form of destruction, they used to make attacks on the houses of Whetstone Park, and Pepys records seeing them doing so. The west end of the park was once known as Phillips' Rents, from the houses let here by one Phillips (Chichester Rents, off Chancery Lane, had a like nominal *provenance*, but it was the Bishop of Chichester who owned them), and the little Feathers' Court, leading into Holborn at this point, was originally called Pargiter's Court, from the same reason.

On the east side of Whetstone Park there used to be another court leading into Holborn, called Tichborne Court, the property belonging to this well-known family, whose arms and the date 1686 were over the Holborn entrance to the alley until they were removed in or about 1882.

As we are in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I may note that it is on its west and south sides that the greatest changes have taken place—changes which besides destroying houses, have also obliterated such interesting and picturesque byways as Sardinia Street (formerly Duke Street), which ran under an arched way beneath what was once the residence of the Sardinian Ambassador, a residence connected with the Sardinia Chapel (now rebuilt) where Fanny Burney was married, and which the Gordon Rioters destroyed; as well as all those intricate alleys and grass-grown open spaces, where the Law Courts steps now connect Carey Street with the Strand, where Hutt's book-shop used to be, and the old houses in Clement's Lane. Abutting on Vere Street, just south of Portsmouth Street, was, too, Clare Market, of which the old house (erroneously but persistently described as " The Old Curiosity Shop, immortalised by Charles Dickens ") is the only survival. Behind where the College of Surgeons is now (and has been for a century and a quarter) was once the famous Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, originally Lisle's Tennis Court, which after many triumphs under Davenant, and later in a rebuilt house under Congreve and Betterton, and John Rich who first produced " The Beggar's Opera " here, became a barracks, then Spode's (to be followed by Copeland's) china warehouse, until 1848, when it was amalgamated with the College of Surgeons.

As one wanders about the streets of London, one should never fail to explore any little byway, however uninviting it may look, for it is in these that one can best recapture the atmosphere of a past day, just as you may in Paris or Venice or, indeed, any city where the more patent landmarks have become too hackneyed to create enthusiasm, or have been rebuilt out of all knowledge. I remember, more years ago than I care to say, finding out in this way Goodwin's Court between St. Martin's Lane and Bedfordbury. It is as easily overlooked as Pickering's Court

PICKERING PLACE, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

In Georgian days it contained a notorious gambling hell. Although much rebuilt, as can be seen, it is still picturesque, and the little passage that joins it to St. James's Street contains some old timber beams.

From an undated water-colour drawing.

GOODWIN'S COURT, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

This picturesque and little-known court runs between St. Martin's Lane and Bedfordbury; the succession of rounded windows were probably once shop-fronts.

From a recent photograph.

CARRINGTON STREET, MAYFAIR.

Kitty Fisher the actress, and Carte, the historian, both once lived here; and at the north-east corner the "Old Chesterfield" tavern is a reminder of the presence of the "great Earl" at Chesterfield House, near by. During May Fair, a stage for mountebanks was erected in this street.

From a recent photograph.

SHEPHERD'S MARKET, MAYFAIR.

This market was formed about 1735 by Edward Shepherd as an adjunct to his building development in this part. It was named after its owner, whose residence was the mansion now known as Crewe House, in Curzon Street.

From a recent photograph.

in St. James's Street used to be until people became aware of the existence of the latter—modern people I mean, for their forebears who gambled knew well enough the hell that hid itself in its cloistral seclusion. Goodwin's Court does not, however, seem yet to have been discovered save by those who make a special point of trying to see such things. If you go there you will be rewarded by a range of Georgian shop-fronts, some dozen of them, cheek by jowl, along one side of that narrow alley. They ought all to be taken as second-hand book-shops, and a sign " The Tully's Head " or " The Chaucer's Head," or some such literary head, should be hung out at each entrance, and penny boxes should contain treasures, and nobody should be allowed in who couldn't tell, say, who Goodwin was. If he built these bowed shop-fronts he ought to have a statue; and I would erect another one to whoever has preserved these relics of the Georgian past.

Then there is Red Lion Passage, which *has* its book-shops, leading into the east side of Red Lion Square where Rossetti lived and afterwards Burne-Jones and William Morris, with their amazing " settle," and were waited on by " Red Lion Mary," the maid. Red Lion Passage is quite old (it was formed about 1698), and it had its famous inhabitant in Lord Erskine, who besides studying law here kept a number of pets ranging from dogs to leeches ! Besides this it is one of those byways that have not as yet been spoilt by new structures, as the Bartlett's Buildings off Holborn, which I have already mentioned, have unfortunately been.

Among the byways which have gone was the so-called Bozier's Court, a name that not unnaturally became converted into Boozer's Court, linking up Tottenham Court Road with Oxford Street; Hanway Street or Passage alone does that now. Bozier's Court, as may be seen on Horwood's plan, was formed by the presence of a block of seven houses, and projected itself into the thoroughfare. It belonged to a Mr. Boozsher, from whom the court was named, with that happy disregard for accuracy that characterises the people. Hanway Street is no longer a passage, as it was once called; it is wider by six feet than it was before 1811, as is shown by an inscription set up on one of the houses. Once it was a great place for toy-shops, as the term was understood in the eighteenth century—that is, places where jim-cracks, laces, and so forth, could be purchased; and fashion thronged it to buy such things as it now does Bond Street and Sloane Street.

With the coming of the Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, in 1886, all sorts of curious survivals were destroyed, and that dirty, disreputable neighbourhood the Seven Dials at last had air and light let into its hidden recesses. Many a quaint court and alley disappeared, and much squalor was revealed and obliterated; but it is

hardly conceivable that, the opportunity having arisen, such a feeble use should have been made of it. Those two thoroughfares which might really have been converted into something architecturally adequate, were built up with what, in the former, looks like a succession of artisans' dwellings; while at the upper end of the latter, dreary, desolate shops are still permitted to disgrace a street which has nothing but its width to recommend it. In its lower part a number of theatres (the street seems one vast playhouse) has given it at least a distinctively theatrical air; but originally it was little better than the Charing Cross Road. If these thoroughfares were an improvement *per se*, architecturally they are a disgrace to the West End.

Building development has, indeed, been fatal to many of the courts and alleys which once intersected London at all points; but there are yet some remaining in areas where reconstruction has been most rampant; and in such a wholly rebuilt street as Pall Mall we can still wander up Pall Mall Place, which once re-echoed to the music and clamour of the adjoining Almack's, in King Street. The rebuilt premises, under part of which it runs, in Pall Mall, have obscured the memory of the former structure in that thoroughfare which was once the famous publishing house of Dodsley, "The Tully's Head," whence so many notable works were ushered into the world and where so many notable people used to assemble to discuss the latest literary news and to sample Mr. Dodsley's wares. Another little byway still remaining here is Crown Court, still redolent of earlier days, still possessing a rather exotic air amid so much that is flamboyant and new around it.

In a sense King Street, or rather its west end, was once a court itself, for when it was formed, in 1673, it was nothing better, and so remained till 1830, when the carriage-way was made of uniform width into St. James's Street. In this latter thoroughfare quite a number of alleys and byways once existed, some of which are still in being. But they differ largely in size and character among themselves, and there is little resemblance between, say, St. James's Place and Park Place—the former culminating in the splendid Spencer House and the memory-haunted residence of Rogers; the latter, associated with such diverse personages as the famous Mr. Pitt and the notorious "Mother Needham," and Pickering Place—originally known as Strode's or Stroud's Court, where once fashionable people lived, but whose later Georgian notoriety was due to the presence here of one of the many gambling hells then in existence in this quarter of the town. The quiet, retired air of this little backwater, with its flagged court, and the half-timbered passage leading to it, is in curious antithesis to the days when, as a card-plate of the period indicates, "Rouge and Roulette, French and English Hazard," were played here, and it had a noisy and raffish atmosphere.

Some of the St. James's Street courts have wholly disappeared, such as Crown Court, and Villiers Court, and Crown and Sceptre Court, and Fox Court; and Russell's Court, which was once entered from the thoroughfare, is now a stable yard and is only to be reached from Cleveland Row. It reveals nothing to-day to tell us that it occupies the site of the gardens of Berkshire House which Charles II. had presented to the Duchess of Cleveland, gardens which once extended half up St. James's Street.

If we follow it, and cross Piccadilly where the demolished Devonshire House exposed that Lansdowne Passage whose narrow iron-barred entrance gave on to Berkeley Street and Bolton Row, and along which a highwayman once rode headlong to escape his pursuers, we come into that Mayfair district which is riddled by little courts and alleys radiating as it were from Shepherd's Market, in which the spirit of an earlier century resides and which was once the nucleus of the famous Fair after which the neighbourhood is called. There is still a fascinating air of antiquity (not remote antiquity, certainly, but sufficiently far away to be picturesque), about Shepherd's Market. It takes its name from that of a former ground landlord, and when the central building was erected, butchers' shops occupied the ground floor and a small theatre was above, a theatre in which during the progress of the Fair "drolls" and other exhibitions were shown. In a curious old print of the Fair, dated 1716, which was nearly twenty years before the Market House was erected, we see that inns such as the Swan and the Mitre were in existence here, and did a roaring trade at these annual festivities; while Mayfair Chapel, where Sunderland House is now, is recognisable in the background.

This famous chapel is not to be confounded, as it so often is, with the notorious Keith's Chapel, which was on the opposite side of Curzon Street, close to the gardens of what is now Crewe House, but which was earlier Wharncliffe House, and earlier still the residence of Mr. Edward Shepherd himself. This mansion has quite a countrified air, amid the surrounding bricks and mortar; and at an earlier day Chesterfield House had the same with its ample gardens stretching nearly down to it. But this was before Mr. Magniac bought the property and turned the umbrageous walks of the *vainqueur du monde* into the splendid houses of Chesterfield Gardens.

But Curzon Street is by no means a byway or a passage. On the contrary, it is one of London's most fashionable thoroughfares, once the home of Lord Beaconsfield and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, although Queen Victoria confessed never to have been in it. The Sun tavern here, however, gave its name to one of its little tributaries, Sun Court, leading into Shepherd's Market, and Market Street partakes of that

confined air which approximates the thoroughfares of the past with the courts and alleys of our more ample conceptions.

Those who enter Seamore Place from Curzon Street, where Lady Blessington once lived, are apt to imagine that they are in a cul-de-sac, which it is; and whence there is no escape, which is not the case. For next to No. 8, where the gorgeous lady lived, are Seamore Steps, which enable one to reach Park Lane; and close by is Ducking Pond Yard, perpetuating the presence here of that pond where duck-hunting was once indulged in, whose votaries refreshed themselves at the neighbouring Dog and Duck tavern, now, like so many landmarks in this quarter, with the past.*

But there is still a Georgian aura enveloping Mayfair. New streets may have been formed, old houses and chapels and alleys may have been swept away, yet taken by and large there are few parts of London, except perhaps Queen Anne's Gate and the little streets near the Abbey, in which the spirit of that period so convincingly lingers as the Mayfair of a thousand memories, which Sir Richard Grosvenor created and where the great Earl of Chesterfield was a pioneer among illustrious inhabitants.

Let us emulate the crow and fly direct to the Queen Anne's Gate of today, which was the Queen Square of earlier times. We can enter it from Birdcage Walk, by those Cockpit Stairs which mark the site of one of the many cockpits for which London was famous in the eyes of foreign travellers, and which the fine gentlemen of the period, as well as much of the riff-raff, found so attractive and often so expensive. It is not generally known, as the saying is, that at one time the original square was a small oblong, not more than 150 yards in length, its eastern extremity being marked by the statue of Queen Anne which, by the way, was once over the portico of St. Mary-le-Strand. In those days a wall ran across the east end of the square dividing it from what was then Park Street; and we are told that when the square was formed the inhabitants, fearing that it would become a thoroughfare for the traffic to and from Ranelagh and other westerly resorts, obtained permission to erect this barrier, which was duly built by subscription. Indeed it was not till 1874 that this wall was removed, and Queen Square and Park Street thrown into one, and called Queen Anne's Gate.

So many changes have taken place in this quarter, as they have in Westminster generally, that such a collocation of old-world houses as Queen Anne's Gate exhibits, with their beautiful over-doorways, their warm red-brick work, and the " masks " which J. T. Smith mentions in his " Book for a Rainy Day," stands out the more markedly cheek by

* The Little Dover Court, from Dover Street, running through a stable yard and into Berkeley Street, is another of the unnoticed byways in the West End.

MAYFAIR IN PROGRESS.

The chapel shown in the background was Mayfair Chapel, which stood where Sunderland House is to-day. It is not to be confounded with Keith's Chapel, which was on the opposite side of Curzon Street.

From an old print. Undated.

QUEEN ANNE'S SQUARE (NOW GATE).

There is little difference in the aspect of the houses from what they are to-day; but the iron railing then divided what was known as Park Street, at the east end, from Queen Anne's Square at the west.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1850.

QUEEN ANNE'S GATE AS IT IS.

A comparison of this picture with the one opposite will indicate how essentially unaltered is this beautiful collocation of early eighteenth-century houses.

From a recent photograph.

OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.
The little buildings that then obstructed the entrance to the Hall will be noticed.
From an etching by J. T. Smith, dated 1807.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AS THEY WERE BEFORE THE ERECTION OF BARRY'S GREAT BUILDINGS.
The portion in the foreground contained the entrance to the House of Lords. The roof of old Westminster Hall is seen in the background.
From a contemporary print. Circa 1820.

jowl as it is with the hideous monstrosity known as Queen Anne's Mansions, and the frank utilitarianism of the railway station.

If you go east or west along Petty France or Tothill Street you will notice a few little byways, sole relics of the many that once congregated here, before Victoria Street was formed in 1851, and before Parliament Square came into existence with its grass plots and its statues.

Before the latter was formed, the whole of its area was covered by houses intersected by Union Street, where the ancient Mitre tavern stood, and its attendant courts and alleys. The drawings which Capon made of this part of London, in 1804, show what a wholesale transformation has taken place in the alignment of the streets, by the enlargement of Broad Sanctuary, the widening of what was King Street running from Great George Street to the Abbey, the erection of Westminster Hospital in 1832 (its Gothic convention, so characteristic of that period, has been recently modified), and the building of the beautiful Guildhall, one of London's most successful recent architectural efforts. The extension of the Government offices along the whole of the north side of Great George Street, has obliterated Delahay Street, and has incidentally destroyed those red-brick Georgian houses of which only a few remain on the opposite side of the thoroughfare.

A century ago there was a row of houses masking Palace Yard from Bridge Street, and another extending from Parliament Square, past the east end of St. Margaret's Church, nearly to Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Margaret Street, which has been widened by their destruction, has been still further lightened by the removal of buildings attached to the old Houses of Parliament, which stood where is now the sunk garden in which the statue of Cromwell stands. In those days but two narrow ways led to the west—Tothill Street, since widened, and Orchard Street, which then continued due west. Victoria Street cut through the latter thoroughfare as well as through numberless houses and courts, Little Almonry and Duke's Court among the latter; and the removal of the block of buildings standing in the middle of Parliament Street resulted in the continuation of Whitehall having a uniform width accorded to it. If it is desired to see what the architectural features of much of this neighbourhood once looked like, it can be done still by going beyond the Abbey and Westminster School and wandering about Cowley Street, Little College Street, Barton Street, and the rest, where you might still think yourself in the London of Anne and the earlier Georges; and if farther west demolition has been rampantly at work, and much of Smith Square has gone, rebuilding has followed the lines of the old architectural picturesqueness, not unsuccessfully, and has indicated a sense of congruity and appropriateness.

If Parliament Square has wholly changed in appearance, Whitehall has become equally altered; indeed, without the aid of plans it is difficult to explain what a complete metamorphosis has come over this thoroughfare, at least in that section of it south of the Horse Guards. For it must be remembered that in earlier days that portion of the street between the two entrances—Holbein's Gateway opposite Dover House, and the King Street Gateway where Downing Street is—was part and parcel of the Palace, one portion of which overlooked the river, and the other St. James's Park. Then, the Tennis Court was where the Treasury Buildings are now; the entrance to the Royal Cockpit (which Henry VIII. had formed, but which in later times was used for official purposes) being just midway between the two gates, on the west side of the street, which was here about a third narrower than it is now. Opposite was the Privy Gardens in which the buildings to the south of the existing Banqueting House were absorbed; and Montagu House, part of the front of which was also in it, stands on the site of the Duke of York's lodgings in the Palace. Next, on the south, where Richmond Terrace is, was the large Bowling Green; and the principal entrance to this very rambling, inchoate royal residence was on the spot where the United Service Institute now stands.

I have been rather led away from the little courts and alleys, with which I proposed to deal in this chapter, by these attempts to reconstruct roughly the former outlines of this part, which seems to me one of the most interesting in London; and before leaving it I would indicate a little byway which is worth exploring, because I believe changes here will not be far distant: I refer to Craig's Court by the side of what was till recently Messrs. Cox's bank. Properly it should be called Cragg's Court, if the legend that when it was formed, in 1702, it was named after the father of Secretary Craggs is well founded; although it may have been christened after that James Cragg or Craig (the name is variously spelt) who was a vestryman of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in 1699. It has its memories, for at the corner of it was the office of Woodfall who printed the "Letters of Junius," and Sir Philip Francis was probably known there; also Teresa Constantia Philips was living here what time she published her notorious "Memoirs." An accident to Speaker Onslow's carriage as it was passing into the court was responsible for the Westminster Paving Act of 1762. I cannot but think that Onslow was on this occasion calling at Harrington House, that fine red-brick stone-faced mansion in which the Earl of Harrington lived in our own day, and which had been the family mansion since it was erected. When this was and who was its architect (I always think it must have been Captain Wynde, who was responsible for Buckingham House and for Newcastle House in Lincoln's Inn Fields) are not known;

THE EAST END OF VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER.

The thoroughfare was opened in 1851, having been projected by H. R. Abraham, the architect, at a cost of £215,000. For long it remained unbuilt over, and it was not till thirty years later that it was completed.

From a contemporary sketch.

THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

The railings in the foreground are those of the Abbey precincts. On the right is the Westminster Hospital, and on the left the east end of Victoria Street. The "Aquarium" was opened in 1876. At its western end was a theatre known as the Imperial.

From an old photograph.

THE WESLEYAN CENTRAL HALL.

This vast building was erected on part of the site of the old Westminster Aquarium; the remainder being covered by the block of buildings in the background.

From a recent photograph.

NORTH VIEW OF THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER FROM THE ROOF OF THE BANQUETING HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

The block of buildings between Parliament Street and King Street was cleared away for the widening of Whitehall.

From an etching by J. T. Smith, dated 1807.

PARLIAMENT SQUARE, LOOKING TOWARDS NORTH-WEST.

The building on the left is the Middlesex Town Hall, that on the right the Ministry of Health.

From a recent photograph.

COWLEY STREET WESTMINSTER.

Cowley Street was named after Cowley, in Middlesex, the seat of Barton Booth, the actor, who owned much property in Westminster. Barton Street perpetuates his Christian name. Both thoroughfares were formed in the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

From a recent photograph.

but it is one of those landmarks which one fears will not be allowed to remain long. During the War Messrs. Cox took it as an annexe to their bank, and so it is probably familiar to many who would otherwise never have thought of looking for so gracious an architectural relic in such an unpromising little byway.

If we go east along the Strand again we pass the little George Court, down which you have to descend some steps (and steps in London always somehow have a picturesque and old-world air) to get to the Adelphi; and, much farther on, come to Water Lane in which there is that objective of so many an overseas visitor (although Londoners generally leave it severely alone), the Roman Bath, with its clear water bubbling from the spring (perhaps the Holy Well, but this is not confirmed) which feeds it, the Roman Bath which Dickens and David Copperfield both knew well. The bath that has been here for nineteen hundred long years, and may probably have been used by Lord Arundel, who was of a classical turn of mind, when he lived in his palace in whose grounds it stood. There are the red bricks which the Romans laid with such care and accuracy, some of them of that narrow variety familiar to those who know Italy, and in a small way reminiscent of the splendid remains in Bath itself. And then as you come out of this classic environment, your eye catches sight of the late Georgian balcony that hangs over the archway of the passage, and you are transported to a period of but a century ago which in some ways seems more remote (in the matter of sanitation, for example) than the days of Caracalla and Diocletian.

Many of these little courts off the Strand once gave access to the river when it was nearer than it is now that the Embankment has thrust it back on itself: Milford Lane which led to Milford Stairs, and Ivy Bridge Lane, and so forth, at the point where in older days the semicircular sweep round the church was not; and Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith might have been seen passing under Temple Bar and drawing a moral from the heads exposed on it. With little Devereux Court, where the famous Grecian Coffee House once stood, and the bust of Lord Essex, who lived close by and sustained a siege in his house, may still be seen, we are back at the point where the Strand merges into Fleet Street.

All this part is redolent of historic and literary memories; the names of the great houses that lined these thoroughfares read like pages from the peerage. The great nobles and ecclesiastics who once lived here, the notable literary men who came about Bolt Court and Wine Office Court, are the ghosts the imagination meets with as they pass from the solemn legal atmosphere (not without a thought of Mr. Tulkinghorn and Snagsby and "Nemo") of the Law Courts and Chancery Lane into the throbbing heart of the street of adventure.

But it is not so easy to leave this neighbourhood; one cannot by a

phrase put behind one the yesterday that is so insistent; not even does the roar of machinery, as it turns and turns the printed page which the raucous newspaper-boy is in a moment to carry headlong into all parts, suffice to deaden the voice of the past as it speaks to us, not in the thoroughfare itself where the motor-buses are alone sufficient to deaden anything, but in the little alleys whose names are pregnant with the past, and so many of which lead into the Whitefriars of Jacobean and Caroline days, and about whose purlieus hangs an aroma curiously compounded of successive bygone centuries.

There by St. Dunstan's Church is Clifford's Inn Passage, but Trotty Veck gets between us and the " Black Lion " Inn—Clifford's Inn of the remote days of Edward II.; here is Clifford's Inn itself, where the memory of the Earl of Cumberland and that of the legal society which purchased the place from him, is obliterated by the recent memory of " Erewhon " Butler at his window; just as so much of the old buildings has been obliterated by Mr. Willett's reconstruction.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The square was begun in 1829 and finished in 1841. The Nelson Column was completed eight years later. There is very little difference in the appearance of the square to-day, except that the Union Club House, at the left-hand corner of the plate, has recently been rebuilt for the Canadian Government.

From a picture by G. Moore, dated 1849.

VI

THE PUBLIC SQUARES

It is a remarkable fact that although so many of the residential squares came into existence during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, those public squares which are analogous to the *places* of France and the *piazzas* of Italy, are practically of modern growth. True, in some cases, they developed out of existing open spaces, but those open spaces were never made decorative in earlier days. Not even were statues placed in them, except in one instance, nor was any attempt made to give them an attractive air; and while the centres of the residential squares were decorated with gardens, and planted with trees, in the midst of which either an effigy was placed or a piece of water was formed, the public squares were left bare and unkempt, and, generally, stood forth as examples of the then lack of interest on the part of the authorities, as differentiated from the care of the ground landlord.

Trafalgar Square is London's most important "place." If we turn to old plans we shall find that from the time of the Tudors to that of the Regency there was no square here at all, the buildings of the King's Mews extending south to the spot where the Nelson Column stands, and the roadway in front being no wider than the then narrow Strand, of which it was but a continuation; the centre of the Triangle formed by the entrance to Whitehall being filled by Eleanor's Cross, practically where the statue of Charles I. is now. In course of time the houses and shops which masked the Mews spreading out behind them, over what is now Trafalgar Square, were occupied by various people. Here was the original Golden Cross, rebuilt at a later period, in the Gothic style; here Tom Payne, the bookseller, had his shop, "at the Mews' gate," where all sorts of illustrious people used to assemble, as in a club, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, some fifty years after Kent had rebuilt the Mews. The Charing Cross Pillory stood in front of these buildings, just to the west of King Charles's statue, and the picture by Rowlandson and Pugin depicting it (see page 128) not only shows

its exact position, but also indicates the former architectural features of what is now a part of the square as well as of Cockspur Street. It also shows the statue surrounded by iron railings with lamp-posts springing from them. It was not till 1837 that the pillory, as an instrument of punishment, was abolished in England, although the one at Charing Cross had, many years before that, ceased to be used.

In 1830 the Mews was taken down, and two years later the Golden Cross was rebuilt at the corner of the Strand, when the new square was contemplated. That improvement came into existence in 1841, having been some twelve years in progress, from designs by Sir Charles Barry —designs which, according to the architect's first scheme, would have been far more elaborate had not the expense proved too great. The statue of Nelson, cast from the cannon recovered from the wreck of the *Royal George*, was set up in 1843, the whole work not being completed till 1849; and even then without Landseer's much criticized lions, which were only placed in position in 1867.

By this time Trafalgar Square may be said to have emerged practically as we know it to-day, for the National Gallery had been opened in 1838, the Royal College of Physicians in 1825, and the Union Club a year previously; while Morley's Hotel is part and parcel of the Strand improvements that were inaugurated about the same period. But on the south side great changes have taken place, although in a sense these are hardly part of the square itself. The most noticeable of these was the demolition of old Northumberland House in 1874 to make way for Northumberland Avenue. The accompanying picture will indicate what that structure looked like with its remarkable façade, which Jansen and Chrismas had contrived about the year 1605, and the famous lion which was erected on it in 1752.

In our own day an equally important change has taken place by the opening up of the Mall and the erection of the Admiralty Arch, without the added desecration of pulling down so historically and architecturally interesting a feature as Northumberland House.

Everyone knows the statues which are dotted about Trafalgar Square, from that of George IV.—which was, by the way, originally intended for the top of the Marble Arch when that monument was in front of Buckingham Palace, and which would certainly look very much better there than it does where it is, without a companion at the north-west corner of the square—to that of General Gordon, one of the best of such things in London, where there are so many good ones.

By the way, those who appear never to be tired of criticizing our statues seem to me to be unmindful of several things, especially when

VIEW OF THE NELSON COLUMN, WHEN BUILDING.

Northumberland House can be seen on the left, and on the right the buildings on the site of which Messrs. Drummond's Bank and the entrance to the Mall now are.

From a woodcut by Landells, dated 1843.

THE PILLORY AT CHARING CROSS.

As the statue of Charles I. stands where it does to-day, the exact position of the pillory at the east end of Cockspur Street is indicated.

From a coloured print by Rowlandson and Pugin. Circa 1807.

they compare them unfavourably with those in Continental cities. I wonder if these critics are really familiar with the statues in Florence and Rome and other Italian cities, in Vienna and Paris, and so on. If so, I should like to know where in London a worse statue than that of Cosimo de Medici, or that of Hercules and Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli, in Florence, is to be found. I will go further and say that all the statues of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour in Italy—and every city and town possesses them—are far worse than anything to be discovered in London, and I wonder what Londoners would say if a statue like that recently erected in the precincts of the Louvre, representing an allegorical France, were set up in their midst ?

The fact is there are not many really bad statues in London at all; and if the frock-coat happened to be the habitual garment of a man to whom a statue was raised, surely it is as fitting to represent him in it as in a toga or a cuirass. We have had, I think, enough of this rather ignorant depreciation of our statues by those who are echoing the parrot-cry of past generations.

The statues and fountains of Trafalgar Square are as obvious to everyone as are the sky-signs and electrical news agency on the walls of surrounding buildings; but there is one thing in the square that many overlook—I mean the " Standards of Length " which were marked out at the base of the north wall along its entirety, under the direction of the Astronomer Royal, in 1875. These measures include standards of the surveying land-chain of 66 feet with divisions of 10 links each, and the building land-chain of 100 feet with divisions of 10 feet; mural standards of the imperial yard, etc. Bronze blocks let into the granite wall define the various measures. One wonders how many people have observed them.

Another public square which cannot, like Trafalgar Square, be regarded as a modern one although its present form dates from but a relatively few years ago, is Leicester Square. But then it began its life as one of those residential quarters, and was once almost as fashionably inhabited as was Grosvenor Square or Berkeley Square.

Leicester Fields, as it was for long called, dates roughly from about 1635, and was really but an adjunct to the Leicester House which occupied its north side. Indeed its south side was not completed till some thirty odd years later. The history of the square—a long and remarkable one—and its former famous inhabitants, who ranged from the heir apparent to the two great painters of the age, does not here concern us. It is sufficient to state that in the eighteenth century its centre was enclosed by railings and laid out in formal flower-beds, with trees at certain intervals around them, and that in the centre stood the

equestrian statue of George I. which Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was then living in Leicester House, is said to have had cast by Van Nost and erected in 1748, in order to annoy his father, George II. The square was to all intents and purposes, in those days, as much a residential one as any to be found in London. In course of time, however, changes occurred. Fashion deserted its houses, shops and shows penetrated into it, and when in 1851 Wyld erected his great Globe, which occupied the whole of the centre, the statue was carted away, to be replaced, however, when the Globe was taken down in 1862. There it remained, without one of its legs, by the way, and otherwise defaced, till 1872, when Mr. Albert Grant came along with his scheme for turning the centre garden into a public lounge. The designs for this were prepared by Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Knowles, better remembered as the founder and editor of *The Nineteenth Century* than as an architect, and Leicester Square, with the central statue of Shakespeare and the busts of the worthies—Newton and Hunter, Reynolds and Hogarth—who had once been associated by residence with the square, emerged as we know it today.

Changes have, of course, occurred around the precincts of the square. Where Hogarth lived Tenison's school was to come, and remain, next door to where John Hunter resided; Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, opposite, is now a well-known auction room; the Empire stands where Savile House (which the Gordon Rioters attacked) flanked the further set-back Leicester House; and the Alhambra brought with it Owen Jones's orientalism,* and the Hippodrome, later, its flamboyant sky-signs.

There are some interesting little byways out of Leicester Square, although much has been changed in this neighbourhood, and the Charing Cross Road and the extension of the National Gallery have been responsible for certain alterations and demolitions. For instance, before 1843, the only means of direct communication between the square and Coventry Street was by a little court called Sidney's Alley (from the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester, who first built Leicester House), and carriages coming from the west along Coventry Street were obliged to descend a portion of Whitcomb Street and enter the square at its south-west corner, by way of Panton Street. Cranbourne Street was then, too, a narrow paved alley, for pedestrians only, and a famous *locale* for bonnet shops, leading into Castle Street, now enlarged into the Charing Cross Road. In 1843–45, however, Coventry Street was extended into Leicester Square and Cranbourne Alley was developed into Cranbourne Street, and a direct roadway from Piccadilly Circus to

* This was originally built for the Panopticon, a kind of rival, on scientific lines, to the Polytechnic.

Long Acre was formed by cutting a way through the intervening buildings. St. Martin's Street, at the south-west corner of Leicester Square, remains practically as it was, except that its entrance from the square was formerly much narrower than it is. In it was the famous house where Sir Isaac Newton once lived and later Dr. Burney held his musical receptions, and his daughter Fanny wrote her "Evelina." Once (in 1849) it was covered with stucco and had an observatory on the roof; however, this interesting memorial of the great Newton was subsequently removed. Then the Society of Arts put up a tablet, and one might have thought that the place was henceforth safe from desecration. Not so; for in quite recent days, it was allowed gradually to get into a ruinous state, and was finally pulled down. Newton's fame is universal. The richest city in the world took no steps to save this tangible memento of his fame. Do we deserve our great men? If a great picture (not by an Englishman for choice) is about to be carried away, we raise immense subscriptions to save it: when the house of a world-renowned Englishman is in question, it is permitted to be destroyed! This vandalism occurred years ago, and nothing has been built on the site! If public-spirited people had not come forward on other occasions, the same thing would have happened, no doubt, with the house where Johnson compiled his dictionary or that in which Carlyle struggled with his "Frederick." Green Street, at the south-east corner of Leicester Square, is interesting, for in all probability it was in it that the Old Curiosity Shop was situated; anyhow that remarkable engraver, Woollett, lived there after he had left Long's Court, just south of Newton's old house.

If Piccadilly Circus, which was once called Regent Circus, had been permitted to live up to its name, it might have taken its place among the public *places* of London; and, indeed, at first it had the semblance of a circus, but in 1885 the authorities began to pull it about by demolishing the semicircular block of buildings which hid it from Coventry Street, and which had been erected by Nash, in 1820, as part and parcel of his Regent Street scheme. It may be granted that this largely increased the area of what had once been a circus, but has now become of such a shape as geometry has no name for. With a beautiful, almost child-like, disregard for posterity, all sorts of hideous and inappropriate buildings were permitted to be set up at a spot which, if properly handled, might have proved a noble addition to London's street architecture.

What *was* a great improvement (I interpolate this here, although it is not exactly germane to public squares), was the demolition of the block of houses which stood at the south end of the Charing Cross Road. This resulted in what was then the northerly extension of St. Martin's

Lane (at that time very narrow) being widened, and enabled the National Portrait Gallery to be erected. But as if the authorities, when they do a right thing, cannot help spoiling it by a wrong one, the block where the Free Library used to be has been permitted to be rebuilt on paltry lines, and another of our rare vistas has been stultified—many people, indeed, think the statue at this point is in itself sufficient to spoil it.

Just as Leicester Square passed from being a residential quarter into a public quadrate, with shops and music-halls occupying the place of great houses and the abodes of the illustrious, so Lincoln's Inn Fields has undergone a like metamorphosis, and is today to all intents and purposes a public square, whose central garden is thrown open to the loiterer and part of whose grounds is utilised as tennis courts by the energetic.

Nor is this the only change that has come over " the Fields " since Mr. Tulkinghorn and Mr. Spencer Perceval and other interesting people lived in those great houses of state which at a still earlier day had been the abode of the *haut ton*. Building development has done, indeed, much to change its aspect, although happily not sufficient to spoil its essential character, and it still remains one of the most interesting relics of an earlier time.

I have already noted that the chief alterations here were caused by the coming of Kingsway, which once threatened to destroy all the west side, where the only remains of Inigo Jones's great schemes of development exist in what was once called Ancaster House, then Lindsay House, and is now known prosaically by the numbers 58 and 59—a mansion which was successively tenanted by the Earl of Lindsay (for whom it was built) who fell at Edgehill, his descendant the Duke of Ancaster, and the Duke of Somerset who married the widow of the murdered Mr. Thynne of Longleat. Here, too, the splendid Powis or Newcastle House still stands as it stood when Captain Wynde designed it, in 1686, for the Marquis of Powis, and bears on its front the escutcheons of the great men who have successively lived in it as the official home of the Lord Chancellors, and later as that of the egregious Duke of Newcastle.

Luckily the fears that these historic residences, with others only less interesting, were to become victims of the house-breakers, were unfounded; but sufficient was done by the demolition of Sardinia House and the erection of the offices of the Official Receiver, substantially to alter the character of this side of the square (the only actual square in London), an alteration that had been already earlier begun by the building of a high block close to Lindsay House. Nor has the north

LEICESTER SQUARE (SOUTH-EAST CORNER) AS IT APPEARED AFTER IT HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED BY MR. ALBERT GRANT IN 1874.

The railings and four busts had not yet been placed in position.

From an old photograph.

LEICESTER SQUARE (NORTH AND EAST SIDES) SOON AFTER THE TRANSFORMATION WAS COMPLETE.

The Empire is now where the low building stands on the left-hand side.

From a contemporary photograph.

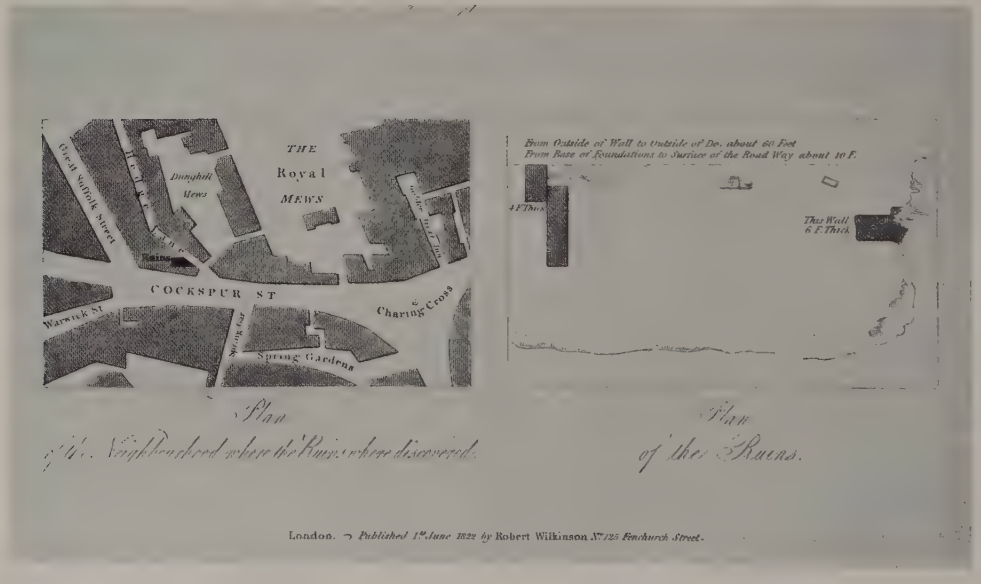
THE UNION CLUB HOUSE, COCKSPUR STREET.

The club house is now rebuilt, as is the Opera House shown on the left-hand side of the picture. Indeed, all the buildings represented have been renewed.

From a picture by A. Pugin, dated 1827.

THE NEW CANADA BUILDING, DESIGNED BY SEPTIMUS WARWICK, ON THE SITE OF THE UNION CLUB HOUSE.
This was erected during 1924–25, and opened by His Majesty the King in the latter year. The building on the left, in the distance, is the Carlton Hotel.

THE ROYAL MEWS, CHARING CROSS.
The National Gallery now occupies this site.
From a print by T. Maurer, dated 1753.



PLAN OF THE ROYAL MEWS AND SURROUNDING STREETS AS THEY WERE IN 1821.
This print shows where some old ruins were discovered, in this year, at the lower end of Hedge Lane, now Whitcomb Street.
From a contemporary print.

side escaped, as may be seen by various modern structures erected there at different periods, and now added to by what is a real improvement, the beautiful headquarters of the Auctioneers' Institute at the corner of Great Turnstile.

On the south side, the coming of the College of Surgeons in 1813 gave a classic touch to what had hitherto been all red-brick; and more recently the building of the Land Registry has dwarfed even those adjacent houses which before had seemed as important in size as they are interesting in associations.

In 1658 this corner of the Fields was not completely built over, and it was then open to what was called Lesser Lincoln's Inn Fields, or Fickett's Fields, where Carey Street and Serle Street run today, and the larger portion of New Square; but by 1682 the whole of the Fields had become surrounded by houses (except on its east side, as it still is), as may be seen by the picture in the Earl of Pembroke's possession, dated the following year, when the centre garden was then a flat field intersected by pathways between solid wooden open palings. The design for a proposed development by Cavendish Weedon, dated 1699, shows this area laid out in formal grass plots in the centre of which were to be statues, with paths from the four corners, and a roadway from north and south, leading to a classic building of important character surmounted by a dome and a spire. This building was a church, and the statues were to have been those of the twelve Apostles! Cavendish Weedon considered that as the square was " the largest in the world," and the inhabitants needed a church, no better place could be found for one (designed by Wren, by the way) than this. Nor was such an idea entirely given up, as later, in 1712, Colin Campbell, as shown by the engraving in his " Vitruvius Britannicus," drew out another plan for a place of worship on this spot; and even in 1819, and again in 1824, such a scheme was revived. A more appropriate suggestion, considering the legal character the Fields had assumed, was that of Sir Charles Barry, who drew up a design for the Royal Courts of Justice here—a scheme which, had it materialised, would have spoilt the rural character imparted to the square by the greenery of the central garden, but would have, perhaps, been an advantage to the Strand, which might then have been adequately widened at this point.

It was not till 1894 that the central garden, in which in ancient days stood " The Gunpowder House," and where the scaffold was erected for the execution of William, Lord Russell, was thrown open to the public, through an arrangement between the trustees of the square and the London County Council.

The internal beauty of many of the surrounding houses attests their former state and the importance of their earlier inhabitants. The

wonderful iron balustrade of the circular staircase in No. 35, designed by Sir Robert Taylor; the intimate charm of Sir John Soane's house (now a too little visited museum) on the north side; the exquisite mantelpieces and over-doors, the elaborate carving and the decorated ceilings, in Nos. 65 and 66; the curious recess or alcove in No. 59, are but outstanding examples of what are to be found in nearly all these beautiful old houses, where Chippendale bookcases (lawyers always seem to get hold of these desirable things) and massive early Victorian furniture carry the mind gradually down the centuries, but stop short at the period which has now begun to become historic.

Dickens once described the legal practitioners of Lincoln's Inn Fields as " being like maggots in nuts," in the sets of chambers let off in these great houses of state. All one can say is that they seem remarkably well housed in their nuts, and that the said nuts have a way of combining comfort with splendour in a quite surprising degree. I suppose they get used to Adams ceilings and mantelpieces, and come to consult one of those ponderous buff and red labelled law books out of their cases, without a thought of the beauty which Chippendale or Sheraton expended on their decoration. It would seem almost worth while being a lawyer, if one could be sure of having offices in such an attractive environment.

There is yet another public square which has a character all its own: I mean Sloane Square. Hitherto topographers have had a way of ignoring this part of London. Why, I don't know, for it possesses points of undoubted interest, and inasmuch as Sloane Street was formed in 1780, may be regarded as having a quite respectable antiquity—nearly a century and a half of memories. Henry Holland, the architect, planned it, and Sloane Square was part and parcel of his scheme of development. At that time the road was bounded by the Five Fields which extended from Knightsbridge to the Chelsea Road, now Buckingham Palace Road, and as far east as Grosvenor Place. Through it ran the Private Road which is today roughly indicated by the roadway through the centre of Eaton Square. At the point where this joins Sloane Square the stream, which was then open, ran, and which, beginning at the Serpentine, passed, as it still does in a sewer, under Albert Gate, where the little bridge giving its name to Knightsbridge once spanned it. Another bridge crossed the stream at Sloane Square and was called Bloody Bridge, a name it went by as late as 1816, as is proved by its being so called in Luffmann's plan of that date. The origin of the name is not exactly known; but the Five Fields had a bad reputation for robbers and footpads, and some tragic event in connection

With this Map is given gratis, a separate Sheet of the principal improvements, on a large scale.
MAIDA VALE
REGENT'S PARK
PADDINGTON
PADDINGTON CANAL
Westbourne Manor House
Westbourne Park
WESTBOURNE GREEN
OXFORD STREET
Tyburn Turnpike
THE UXBRIDGE ROAD
KENSINGTON GRAVEL PITS
HYDE PARK
SERPENTINE RIVER
Bason
Palace
KENSINGTON
THE GREAT WESTERN ROAD
KENSINGTON GORE
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
GREEN PARK
Park Square
Portman Square
Grosvenor Square
Curzon Street
Belgrave Square
Kensington Work House
Hell Corner
BROMPTON
EARLS COURT
OLD BROMPTON
Brompton Lane
QUEENS ELM
LITTLE CHELSEA
EATON SQUARE
Church
Chapel
Roy. Hospital
Chelsea Water Works
The Willow Walk
Grosvenor Canal
Cheyne Walk
CHELSEA REACH
HOUSES
T

FROM A MAP O

To come between pages 138 *and* 139.

DATED 1834.

with these gentry may have taken place here. We know that in 1742 a certain Mr. Smith was murdered hereby, but as the notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that day states that the murder took place " by Bloody Bridge," it is conclusive that that event was not responsible for the name.

By 1799 the whole of the west side of Sloane Street, as well as Sloane Square, was built over, and by 1808 a certain portion of Cadogan Gardens, forming its east side, was completed. When Belgrave Square was formed, in 1825, and Eaton Square two years later, and Chester Square was completed in the early forties, the whole of the once derelict Five Fields was covered, and Sloane Square and its neighbourhood became linked on to the realms of the neo-fashionable area which the Cubitts had inaugurated—" the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea," as Dickens, who placed the Wititterleys in one of the Cadogan Place houses, phrases it.

This area was then known as Hans Town, and where Cadogan Square and Lennox Gardens now are, was once the open ground and market gardens on which Prince's Club was to come in the sixties, and where the Marlborough Gardens and a cricket ground were in existence during the earlier years of the nineteenth century, between Cadogan Street and Draycott Place.

Sloane Square is thus connected with an interesting neighbourhood, and at the corner between it and Cliveden Place, stood the Coach and Horses Inn, a house at least in existence before 1746, as it is shown in Rocque's plan of that date, when all this area was open fields with copses and spinneys dotted about, and trees bounded the King's Road, as the Private Road I have referred to was then called.

Horwood's plan of 1799 indicates more clearly than any other the alignment of the houses surrounding Sloane Square at that period. Thus a row of buildings stood where the Court Theatre and the railway station are now. A former theatre is said once to have occupied this site, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but neither Horwood nor Mogg, in his 1808 plan, indicate it. Again, it is affirmed that a chapel was built here on the same site, in 1818, but I confess to have failed to identify this. There certainly was a chapel, called the Five Fields Chapel, hereabouts, but it was farther east, approximately at the south-west end of Eaton Square, and I cannot but think there has arisen some confusion in consequence. The earlier Court Theatre was originally built in 1871, but was pulled down in 1887, when the present structure was erected in its place.

The hundred years that have elapsed since Belgrave Square and the other immense building developments covered the Five Fields with

fashionable streets and houses, has seen many and wondrous changes in London; but in few parts are the changes so marked as in this quarter, where what was then open country has now been converted into an integral portion of the Metropolis, and has seen grow up beyond it a more illimitable west stretching farther away in one direction than itself is from Charing Cross in the other.

THE CLUB HOUSES OF PALL MALL.

The building in the foreground on the right is the original Carlton Club; farther on are the Reform, the Travellers, and the Athenæum. The difference between the houses on the opposite side of the street, and the present ones, will be observed.

From a coloured lithograph by T. S. Boys, dated 1842.

VII

THE CLUB-HOUSES

To attempt in a single chapter, and a short one at that, to say anything in detail about the clubs of London would be to crowd, and then with difficulty, a mere catalogue of names and dates into a necessarily limited space. So vast, indeed, is the subject, that I find (for I am engaged on an exhaustive book on the London clubs) two considerable volumes only just sufficient in which to record the wealth of information, historical, topographical, and anecdotic, which in the course of time has clustered round these " assemblies of good fellows meeting under certain conditions," as that pre-eminent clubman, Dr. Johnson, once defined them.

But what I want to do, as indicated by the title to this chapter, is to say something about the existing club-houses. There are many people who pass by these splendid palaces—for some of them are nothing less than this—who would be glad to know something about their genesis and their architects, without necessarily requiring a whole history of the club itself to be spread out before them; and to such this chapter is addressed.

Most of the London club-houses have been rebuilt; indeed, there are relatively few that exist as first designed, and when we speak of White's and Brooks's, the Thatched House and the Cocoa Tree and Arthur's, and such as these, whose very names are sentient of the eighteenth century, we must be prepared to find these mellowed institutions housed in buildings that are comparatively modern. Many of the great clubs are themselves much younger than those I have mentioned, and their headquarters, although their original ones in some cases, come under the title of modern architectural achievements.

But there is at least one club whose " house " dates from an earlier century, and bears on its classic front the impress of the Adams; I mean Boodle's. Now if there be one building in London which is generally associated more than another with the " Adelphi," it is Boodle's club-house. And yet there seems to be no documentary evidence extant

showing it to be their work at all. We are told that it was erected, about 1765, by John Crunden from designs by Adam; but the fact remains that, in spite of the fifty folio volumes of plans and so forth appertaining to the Adams, which are to be seen in the Soane Museum, not one contains any indication that the Adams, Robert or his brothers, furnished the design. So great an authority on the architects as Mr. Arthur Bolton questions, indeed, their having had a hand in it, and differs from the hitherto received opinion that the building was erected in 1765, contending that it is some ten years younger. All one can say is that the well-known front in St. James's Street is so reminiscent of their work that if it actually isn't theirs, it ought to be, and that Mr. Swarbrick, another authority on the subject, includes a picture of it in his work on "Robert Adam and His Brothers," and gives the probable date of its erection as 1765. In any case, the front is not exactly as the Adams or the ghostly unknown designer left it; for between the years 1821 and 1825, J. B. Papworth made large alterations to the building, and besides constructing a reading-room, added the two little attic storeys which flank the central pediment. Notwithstanding these changes, however, Boodle's club-house remains substantially in outward appearance as it was these hundred and sixty or hundred and seventy (according to which doctor's diagnosis you agree with) years ago.

White's, now at the top of the street, began its existence as a Chocolate House, in or about the year 1693, on the east side of the thoroughfare, on the spot where Boodle's was to come later. In 1697, White, requiring larger premises, moved to a house three doors from the bottom of St. James's Street, on the west side, its exact position being the northern portion of the present Arthur's club-house. In 1702 he added to his premises by taking in the house on his south. In course of time John Arthur became the tenant, and in 1732 added to the Chocolate House the premises on the north side, which he had already occupied. In the following year the fire occurred which gutted the place, and which Hogarth has commemorated in plate 6 of his "Rake's Progress." The house was rebuilt, but was not completed till some three years later. Already had the club come into existence, but the Chocolate House was still carried on with success. But in course of time (1755) the former migrated to what was then called "the Great House in St. James's Street," otherwise No. 37, where its rebuilt successor is still. This house had formerly belonged to Sir Whistler Webster, of Battle Abbey, and from him Arthur purchased the freehold. Here at an earlier day the famous Countess of Northumberland kept up almost regal state; and other tenants had been the second Duke of Beaufort the Duchess of Newcastle, and Sir William Windham.

A view taken in 1811 shows what the club-house looked like at that period. In those days it was a square building having a porch entrance, with engaged pillars, flanked by two windows on each side, and partly supporting a balcony that ran the whole width of the building. Next door, on the south side, was a tavern—the King's Head. It was not till 1850 that the façade was reconstructed as it is now, with the four bas-reliefs representing the Seasons, designed by George Scharf, being let into the wall, and the present balcony substituted for the older one. At the same time much interior decoration and reconstruction took place in the club-house. The famous "Bow Window" had originally been formed when other alterations took place in 1811; and the present one, on somewhat the same lines, was made to conform with the changes effected in the façade, in 1850.

Brooks's is another club which has, in course of time, changed its venue. Known originally as Almack's (not, of course, to be confounded with Almack's famous Assembly Rooms in King Street), it was first started in Pall Mall in 1754, and it was not till 1778 that it migrated to No. 60, St. James's Street, and took up its residence in the club-house erected for it from the designs of Henry Holland. At one time (1804) the club was nearly leaving St. James's Street, and the committee had actually entered into negotiations for No. 21, St. James's Square; but matters were arranged, and it remained in its old home, which, by the way, was reconstructed in 1815. In 1823 and again in 1846 further improvements were made, and in 1857 the premises were enlarged by the purchase of No. 2, Park Place which was incorporated with the club-house in a final reconstruction, in 1889–90. In spite of various changes which have taken place in the architecture of Brooks's, the exterior of the club-house remains substantially as it was when Holland designed it in 1778.

In point of foundation Arthur's is almost contemporary with Brooks's. Originally it occupied No. 69, St. James's Street only, but when it was reconstructed in 1826, the adjoining house, No. 70, as well as some premises at the back in what was formerly Cleveland Court but is now part of St. James's Place, were incorporated in it, the whole being rebuilt by a Mr. Martin from designs furnished by Mr. Thomas Hopper. By a clause in the lease the club guaranteed the expenditure of not less than £12,000 on the new building, which took some two years to complete. Among other architectural features was the remarkable double staircase which it contains, and which by its beauty and originality of outline should console such members as are apt to regret the space it occupies.

It was then, too, that the classic façade with its graceful Corinthian columns—the first building, it is said, of its kind in London, built in whole or in part for club purposes—was erected. Hopper is not widely known, but he succeeded in producing the most dignified and beautiful building which St. James's Street seems ever likely to contain. He had, too, a reverence for old work, and behind his classic screen preserved much of the shell of the original old house which had once been a part of White's—when it was a red-brick structure and its semicircular back rooms looked out on a small garden.

We shall have difficulty in associating the present premises of the Thatched House Club with the eighteenth-century annals of that place, which, first a tavern probably with a thatched roof, and the temporary meeting-place of innumerable clubs and associations having no headquarters of their own, has two distinct periods in its career: one from Caroline times till 1843, the other from 1845 to 1865. During the first it occupied the site on which the Conservative Club now stands; during the second it was at No. 86, St. James's Street, and it was here, after the tavern had disappeared, that the Civil Service Club was started in 1865, to be re-christened the Thatched House Club eight years later.

Architecturally the Thatched House is not a specially notable landmark in St. James's Street, but the Conservative Club, at No. 74, is the combined work of Basevi and Sydney Smirke (it was erected in 1843–45, at a cost of £73,000) in an amalgamated Corinthian and Roman-Doric style, and possesses a certain classic dignity. In this it is matched, higher up the street, by the Devonshire Club, once the famous Crockford's of super-gambling notoriety. The history of Crockford's need not detain us here, and it is sufficient to note that it had been designed for "The Fishmonger," as he was called, in 1827, by Benjamin and Philip Wyatt, at a cost of no less than £94,000. Originally the building had a stucco front, with four flat pillars rising to just above the first-floor windows, and this convention was replaced by the present stone façade when the Devonshire Club took the premises in 1875, and employed C. J. Phipps to remodel them, absorbing in the process, shortly afterwards, No. 4, Arlington Street, then occupied by the Arlington Club, and No. 8, Bennett Street.

By the way, the large stucco-fronted structure at the south-west corner of King Street was built by Crockford, as a speculation, in 1832, from the designs of G. Bond and Sir J. Pennethorne. It is supposed that before Crockford built the premises on the other side of the street he had carried on a gambling hell on the site on which this St. James's Bazaar, as it was called, was later to rise.

There has been in recent years so much elaborate rebuilding in

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.
Before the addition of the attic storey in 1900.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB: THE ENTRANCE FRONT.
With attic storey added.

THE GREAT SUBSCRIPTION ROOM AT BROOKS'S.

Opposition members engaged upon hazardous points.

From a coloured print by Robert Cruikshank. Circa 1820.

St. James's Street that the clubs which were once its dominant feature are now being submerged beneath the vast structures that have arisen on all sides: great insurance offices at the Piccadilly end; great blocks of flats at the Pall Mall end; huge banks and commercial structures, taking the place of those old buildings which seemed to keep the thoroughfare in touch with the past, and which is now alone done by the picturesque shop-fronts of Messrs. Lock and Messrs. Berry and the little court, Pickering Place, in which the spirit of the eighteenth century still seems to linger. But if architecturally the club-houses of St. James's Street no longer retain their once outstanding character, nothing will be capable of thus dominating those of Pall Mall. On the south side of that thoroughfare these splendid structures succeed one another, forming, in the varied character of their frontages, an object lesson in architectural design.

Without reverting to the time when Schomberg House (of which but a fragment now remains) and old Carlton House and Marlborough House, exhibited their red-brick fronts to Pall Mall, it will be sufficient to cast our eye back to just a hundred years ago to realise what changes have come over the thoroughfare within the course of the century. Then, none of the clubs were erected here; then, the Regent's Carlton House, with its long screen of engaged pillars and lamp-holders, stretched across what is now the opening to Carlton House Terrace; then, the Ordnance Office built for the Duke of Cumberland (in our own time used as the War Office) occupied the site between Schomberg House and Buckingham House which Soane designed for the first Marquis of Buckingham in 1790; and it was in Buckingham House that the Carlton Club took up its headquarters when its present premises were being rebuilt, the place later becoming part of the old War Office.

In 1831 the Carlton Club was founded, and five years later its first club-house in Pall Mall was erected from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke, whither the members came from their original home in Charles Street. This new club-house, as may be seen from Boys's lithograph of Pall Mall, issued in 1842, was on relatively simple lines, and ten years had not elapsed before it was found necessary to enlarge and reconstruct it, this work being carried out by Sydney Smirke. In 1854, however, it was determined to rebuild the premises on still more ample and magnificent lines, and in consequence the whole of the earlier structure was taken down, and the club-house known to us for so many years arose, an adaptation by Sydney Smirke of Sansovino's Library in Venice. This has, quite recently, been wholly refaced at a cost of some £70,000.

Although Smirke may be regarded as having been the official archi-

tect to the club, whose design was thus sure of acceptance, it is known that Samuel Beazley also prepared one, and from the elaborate picture of this which is in existence, and which I have had an opportunity of examining, it would seem that had his scheme been accepted, the necessity for the recent rebuilding would, in all probability, not have arisen.

When Smirke's façade was completed, predictions were made that the polished granite shafts would lose their lustre, which actually seems to have occurred; while the other stone work perished in an alarming way, making a new front absolutely necessary.

The Reform club-house stands on ground once occupied by the temporary National Gallery and before then the residence of Sir Walter Stirling. The club had originally occupied premises in Great George Street, and afterwards in Gwydyr House, Whitehall, but in 1837 a number of well-known architects submitted plans and designs for the club-house to be erected in Pall Mall; Blore, Basevi, Cockerell, Sydney Smirke, and Barry being among them. The last named was the successful competitor, and his beautiful façade, based to some extent on the Farnese Palace in Rome which Sangallo built from Michael Angelo's designs, remains, in spite of much later excellent architecture hereabouts, the most dignified and effective of all the Pall Mall club frontages, one, indeed, which Macaulay once said was worthy of Michael Angelo himself.

The Travellers', next door, carries on the Italian convention at this spot, for Barry, who also built it, in 1830–32, based his design on that of the Villa Pandolfini at Florence, but without the attic storey, which was added later, not to its architectural advantage. Seven years before it was begun the Athenæum had come into existence, from the designs of Decimus Burton, ornamented with that " Parthenon " frieze on which John Wilson Croker is said to have set such store, but which by many less æsthetically minded members was regarded as an " extravagant novelty." Croker was distinctly a " harbitrary gent," and generally had his own way; but with regard to another feature of the building—viz., the number of columns at the entrance—Crabb Robinson was able to circumvent even him. By the way, many people who may have observed the mounting stone close to this entrance, may not be aware that it was put there for the convenience of the Duke of Wellington when getting on to his horse, as an inscription on it attests. Which reminds me of another of these things which are seen daily, but convey nothing special to the observer. This is the support for the packs which men carried in the old days, which was placed at the top of Piccadilly hill by one who commiserated the lot of his burdened fellows, and which

still stands on the Green Park side, nearly opposite Park Lane, and also has its inscription.

As we have been suddenly wafted to Piccadilly we may well remain there to note some of the club-houses with which the thoroughfare is lined, and of which the most notable is the Naval and Military, or "The In and Out," as it is sometimes called. The house it occupies is one of many interesting associations. In outward appearance, save for its annexes, the Naval and Military Club looks practically as it did when the second Earl of Egremont built it at the beginning of George III.'s reign. In 1761, when it was just completed, Dodsley is able to speak of it as "the last house in Piccadilly," although, of course, there was a collocation of smaller dwellings about Hyde Park Corner. Some thirty years later, when Lord Egremont had left it, the house was taken by Lord Cholmondeley, and went by his name. After his death, in 1827, it became the residence of the Duke of Cambridge; and it was when leaving him, after a visit here, that Queen Victoria was struck with a stick by a lunatic. In 1851 Sir Richard Sutton, the ground landlord, came to live here, but he died four years later; the place being taken, in 1857, by Lord Palmerston who, with his beautiful wife, held those receptions here which made the mansion famous, and where "the laughing philosopher, gallant and gay," was, in the eyes of some witty opponent, said to be saved from the depths of political degradation by—his cook! After his death, there was some idea of pulling the house down and erecting a Roman Catholic cathedral on the site, but this scheme happily not materialising, it was taken by the Naval and Military Club, which moved into it in 1866.

One other club-house in Piccadilly has an equally notable past. This is the St. James's, which occupies the beautiful house originally erected by Sir Henry Hunloke, in the early years of George III.'s reign, on the site of the Greyhound tavern. Shortly after it was built the mansion was sold to the sixth Earl of Coventry; it being then in an unfinished state. The Adams decorated the interior, and one charmingly painted ceiling is by Angelica Kauffmann; but who the architect of this very effective building was, is not recorded. It remained the Coventry town-house till 1843, and four years later was opened as the Coventry House Club, an institution that only existed for some seven years. Later the Comte Flahault took it; and when he left it, the St. James's Club, till then housed at 54, St. James's Street, came here, and here remains, in recent times surrounded by the pictures belonging to the Dilettanti Society which now grace its walls.

Although Pall Mall and St. James's Street and Piccadilly are the special homes of the clubs, many are to be found scattered about London, in some cases occupying houses of importance and often of historic

interest. There are, for instance, several in St. James's Square; until quite recently the Union stood, as it had done for just a century, in the building which Sir Robert Smirke designed, at the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, a building which has been wholly reconstructed, what time the club has gone farther west to the late Lord Ridley's old home in Carlton House Terrace.

The Isthmian which for years occupied Sir Julian Goldsmid's house in Piccadilly, a house which the notorious Earl of Barrymore had had erected, from Novosielski's designs, *circa* 1791, and which afterwards became the Pulteney Hotel, and, in 1824, the property of the Marquis of Hertford, has now altogether disappeared. Before going to Sir Julian's late residence, the Isthmian occupied part of Walsingham House, the tall red-brick building which many will remember as occupying the site now covered by the Ritz Hotel.

It is rather curious that, with the exception of St. James's Square, the clubs have not greatly affected the London squares; curious because so many of the houses in such places which have changed hands would seem to be so peculiarly adaptable to such purposes. There is, however, one which is situated in a quadrate, and has been for many years—the Oriental Club, in Hanover Square, in premises erected for it by Benjamin and Philip Wyatt in 1827–28. The original house here had belonged to the Dashwoods, and Sir Francis, notable as the protagonist of the Hell Fire Club, had once lived in it, when it was no doubt one of those red-brick structures of which many happily remain in the square today, although fallen from their once aristocratic state.

I have refrained from saying anything about those innumerable other club-houses whose façades are familiar to every Londoner—the Oxford and Cambridge, which was designed jointly by Sir Robert and Sydney Smirke, in the Italian style, in 1836–37, and whose seven bas-reliefs were executed by W. G. Nicholl, from the drawings of the younger Smirke; the United Service, which Nash designed in 1826; the Junior United Service, which had originally been planned by Sir Robert Smirke, but whose present house at the corner of Charles Street was the work of Nelson and James, in 1855; the new University, in St. James's Street, which Waterhouse contrived some ten years later; the Junior Carlton, designed by David Brandon in 1866–67, and enlarged by Macvicar Anderson, in 1885–86, when the adjoining Adair House was pulled down; the Constitutional, which was completed from the designs of Edis, in 1887; and so forth—or of those erections of our own day, the beautiful conception of Sir Reginald Blomfield for the United University, in Suffolk Street, which replaced the earlier design of Wilkins and Gandy-Deering; and the vast Automobile Club, in Pall Mall, which

WHITE'S CLUB HOUSE BEFORE ITS REBUILDING.

The famous Bow Window was a later addition.

From a contemporary drawing, dated 1811.

Gateway of St. James's Palace.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB HOUSE, PALL MALL.

The gateway of St. James's Palace can be seen in the distance, as well as the entrance to Marlborough House.

From a picture by T. Arundell, dated 1837.

THE ST. JAMES'S CLUB, PICCADILLY.
Built for Sir Henry Hunloke in the time of George III.

THE UNITED SERVICES CLUB, PALL MALL.
Nash's original building, showing the Pall Mall front.

THE UNITED SERVICES CLUB, PALL MALL.
A view of the existing building from Waterloo Place.

so greatly changed the aspect of the thoroughfare at this spot; to mention but these.

In former days when a great house was being demolished or reconstructed, one was pretty safe in predicting its conversion into a club; today when such transformations occur one knows at once that it is a block of flats which will rise out of the dust of the housebreakers. And perhaps it is the coming of these vast structures, which are now changing the alignment of the thoroughfares as completely as they were formerly wont to be changed by the erection of splendid private houses, and later by still more splendid club-houses, that constitutes the most marked changes to be found in the London streets. For not only is it in the large streets of commerce that they appear, but in such aristocratic thoroughfares as Pall Mall and Piccadilly and St. James's Street, and in such once aloof fastnesses as Cavendish and Hanover and even Berkeley Squares.

These are in the nature of changes; but what has always differentiated London from other capitals is the number and splendour of its club-houses. Nothing can be found anywhere else in the world comparable with these palaces whose dominant architectural note is to be seen in all parts of the Metropolis, but chiefly in those quarters where Fashion once held sway and from which, even in these democratic days, it is by no means put to flight.

There is a special reason why the clubs of London should be greater in number and more luxurious in appointment than such centres are anywhere else in the world. The Englishman has perforce, or naturally prefers, to pass much more of his time indoors than do his Continental neighbours. For many the clubs take the place of this " home " life, and, in consequence, it is necessary that they should possess all the *agréments* which cultivated people require as their environment. Well-appointed rooms, good libraries, adequate cooking, are among such needs, and in nearly every club in London these will be found.

There is another reason for the presence of such centres in our scheme of existence. The average man of a certain class is conservative in his tastes if not in his politics; and he likes to do, in his own way often enough, what his forebears have done before him. Now clubs have been in existence for so long that the club habit has taken root in the mind of most people, and today even ladies have absorbed it, and are responsible for nearly as many such pseudo homes, as they may be called, as the mere man. It thus happens that one of the first things a young man does, after his public school and Varsity have had their way with him, is to join a club; and he has such a choice in such things as it is impossible to conceive of in any other country.

I have referred above to some of the more outstanding of such places;

indeed, chiefly to those whose houses have certain architectural or historic features which give them, in a way, the aspect of public monuments. But there are many which, if not outwardly thus arresting to the eye, combine the comfort and even the luxury of their more splendidly housed fellows, and in many cases possess a history and associations as notable; for some of these have helped in the making of history—the history of domestic life, which is after all the groundwork of the annals of the country at large.

IN EATON SQUARE, 1850.

From a water-colour drawing by Eugène Louis Lami.

VIII

THE AREA OF FASHION

If one wanted to give a stranger an impressive picture of the material prosperity of London, one would take him to Bond Street or Oxford Street or Regent Street, on an afternoon in the Season; if it was desired to impress him with London's potential wealth, as differentiated from its decorative effectiveness, you would, I suppose, carry him farther east, and give him an opportunity of watching the busy, restless civic life as it eddies and swirls round the Royal Exchange and the Bank; should you, however, desire to show him the dignity of its private dwellings, and indicate the latent forces which underlie rather solemn and restrained exteriors, you would, no doubt, lead him into those quarters of fashion where the opulent reside, and where a certain imposing majesty lingers still in the brickwork of the eighteenth century, and the stucco and stone of a later day.

Few things are more gregarious than Fashion; few things are certainly so symptomatic of the daily life of a great city or more indicative of that city's hidden resources. It is the weather-cock that shows not only the winds of wealth, but the very characteristics of a period; and you may gauge the general life of a people by its vagaries and manifold manifestations.

Fashionable London has undergone many strange vicissitudes, and has been responsible for many curious changes. As the city gradually emerged from its inchoate state, the tendency has always been for Fashion gradually to enlarge its boundaries and ever to press farther from the east—where the wise men dwelt; a fact which will give the cynical philosopher no little food for reflection. The great nobles of mediæval times lived in their palaces within the city walls, and only the princes of the Church, enjoying a certain immunity from depredation, dared to spread themselves along the river bank, or to erect residences outside the protecting walls of the London of those days. As time went on, and relatively greater security was achieved, the secular nobles dared to follow in the wake of ecclesiastical power, and Fleet Street and the

Strand became lined with those splendid buildings in which the aristocracy of the past dwelt, and whose memories are now preserved in innumerable street names. With the Restoration, the West End as it was long called, but which has become the east to a larger and more straggling West End, came into existence, and when the Earl of St. Albans developed the ground which is now St. James's Square, he not only formed a "quadrate," but inaugurated that area of fashion which, stretching its tentacles northward and westward, was for many a long year to be the centre and pivot of fashionable life. But although the foundations of the West End as we know it were thus laid, it was long before building development to any considerable extent followed on these tentative beginnings. Certain great nobles took building sites in St. James's Square, and the Rate Books for 1676 show how "well inhabited" it then was; but more still lived in those parts which Fashion has long since discarded, and Whitehall and Bloomsbury, the Strand and Fleet Street, Holborn and Soho, and even the City, were for many years to come still regarded with favour by those whose forebears had lived in these quarters.

Gradually, however, in the neighbourhood of St. James's, splendid private palaces arose, and Piccadilly became studded with those great mansions, Clarendon House, Berkeley House, Burlington House, and the rest, which gave to the more easterly portion of the thoroughfare that character which today its extreme west alone preserves; and which for long clung to Whitehall before officialdom gradually crept in and monopolised it.

Whitehall, indeed, alone of the great London streets, has a peculiar character in that, although as a residential centre it is now with the past, yet there remain in it not a few of those private houses converted into Government buildings which once gave it a specially fashionable significance. Many have disappeared, like Carrington House, where the War Office is now, and Fife House, which faced the river; Richmond House, whose memory is preserved in Richmond Terrace which stands on its site; Portland House, where Whitehall Gardens now are; and Pembroke House close by; and so forth. But a certain number still exist, more or less either in their original state, or rebuilt and converted into official headquarters—Dover House and Wallingford House, Gwydyr House and Montagu House, to instance but these; while Harrington House, in Craig's Court, was, when Northumberland House disappeared, the last of these original old mansions to be inhabited by the descendants of earlier owners.

Another thing which, of course, helped to give Whitehall a peculiar and unique position among London thoroughfares, was the fact that the royal palace once spread itself over a large portion of its area, the high-

AT ALMACK'S, 1821.
An illustration by George and Robert Cruikshank for Pierce Egan's "Life in London."

AN EVENING AT VAUXHALL, 1821.
An illustration by George and Robert Cruikshank for Pierce Egan's "Life in London."

THE ORIGINAL BUCKINGHAM PALACE (HOUSE).
This shows the palace as it was when George III. purchased it as a dower house for Queen Charlotte in 1762.
From a coloured print by Rowlandson and Pugin. Circa 1807.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS RECONSTRUCTED IN 1825, FOR GEORGE IV., BY JOHN NASH.
The presence of the Marble Arch and the absence of an east façade will be observed.
From an old print. Circa 1828.

THE EAST FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

This view not only shows the east front added to the Palace by Blore, the architect; but also his suggestions for laying out the ground in front of it. Blore's reconstruction of the building was carried out in 1850, in which year the Marble Arch was removed.

From a picture by F. Bedford. Circa 1852.

BOND STREET IN GEORGIAN DAYS.

The building in the centre is Long's Hotel, at No. 16, which was rebuilt and enlarged in 1888.

From an old colour print. Early 19th Century.

CROCKFORD'S, ON THE WEST SIDE OF ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Its site is now occupied by the Devonshire Club House.

From a drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1828.

way actually running through its purlieus, and being entered by the famous Holbein Gateway, which stood exactly opposite Dover House at the north end, and at the south by the King Street Gateway, then at the north-east corner of Downing Street. Between these two points the roadway was exceedingly narrow, much of it on the east side being occupied by the Privy Garden, over whose site those who walk along the thoroughfare are actually passing; while that portion of the Palace which stood on the Park side of the street is now replaced by the Treasury buildings, etc., and the two historic old houses in Downing Street occupy what were in 1680 the lodgings of the Duke of Albemarle.

It thus happens that what under other conditions might have become today a street of shops and business premises, preserves almost throughout its entire length an official air; and with a wisdom not always exhibited in such matters, at least some of the old mansions have been retained almost intact, and exhibit in their exteriors something of their original features.

With regard to the large private houses that once lined the Strand and Fleet Street the case is wholly different, for not one of these remain. Two water-gates of very different character and architectural importance, together with a variety of street names, alone indicate where their fabrics stood, pointing, amid rampant commercialism, rather pathetically to what were once abodes of fashion and splendour.

Just as Lord St. Albans was a pioneer of St. James's as a residential quarter (although it must be remembered that, before the development of St. James's Square, various notable people resided in the then rather inchoate St. James's Street, the presence of the Palace giving its immediate surroundings something of an aristocratic air), so Sir Richard Grosvenor, the great builder, was the protagonist in making Mayfair and its neighbourhood a fashionable centre.

In those days the development of an area was not infrequently begun by the formation of a square, and just as St. James's Square inaugurated that quarter as a fashionable dwelling-place, so Grosvenor Square first gave to the district now known generically as Mayfair (from the annual Fair held here, which in time became so troublesome to the new residents that it was abolished in the reign of George III.) the special impress which it still bears, and which in spite of rivals in other quarters remains in a way unique.

Grosvenor Square is described by Malcolm as " the very focus of feudal grandeur, fashion, taste, and hospitality," and a writer speaks of it in 1805, and so one would describe it today, as " the most magnificent square in the Metropolis." It happens that this year marks the bicentenary of the completion of the square, and in 1725 Sir Richard Grosvenor gave a splendid entertainment, to celebrate the event, to those

who had arranged to become his tenants. There is no necessity here to enlarge on the subject,* and it is merely mentioned as being the first step in the development of that area which stretches from Piccadilly to Oxford Street, and whose other boundaries are roughly Park Lane and Bond Street—pre-eminently the lane and the street of fashion.

About the same time building activity in the direction of private houses was being carried on north of the Oxford Road, as it was then called, and Cavendish Square was actually laid out some eight years before Grosvenor Square was completed, the first mansion finished being that Harcourt House, named after Simon, Earl Harcourt, which later became the London residence of the eccentric Duke of Portland, and which is now a thing of the past, a vast block of flats rising on the site of its rather solemn exterior, an exterior which Thackeray has perpetuated for us in the Steyne House of " Vanity Fair."

Cavendish Square stands on ground which formed part of the Duke of Newcastle's London property, and Portman Square, which was begun in 1764, does the same; while Russell Square, laid out about forty years later, on the Duke of Bedford's estate, helps to indicate the gradual spread of a residential development over this area—an area from which after a time the waves of fashion receded, to return with a certain amount of force in our own day.

But it was found that, with the large increase in population, other areas must be tapped to cope with the growing need for important dwellings, and during the earlier years of the nineteenth century a move was made in a more westerly direction, and the Five Fields, that large tract of ground lying between Grosvenor Place and Sloane Street, was covered with the houses which Cubitt built on ground leased from the Grosvenor family, ground which had come into its possession through the marriage of Mary Davies, the heiress of the Ebury estate, with Sir Richard Grosvenor. Belgrave, Eaton, and Chester Squares soon arose, and with them those congeries of streets which under the generic title of Belgravia almost threatened the supremacy of Mayfair as a residential centre.

Thus it happened that, well before the middle of the last century, Fashion had laid its hands on a vast area whose powers of development seemed endless; for beyond the Belgravian fastnesses stretched those series of market gardens and fields and derelict spaces which were gradually to be covered by a still more westerly West End, and Queen's Gate and Cromwell Road, Onslow Square and Onslow Gardens (where the miserable stranger finds himself continually befogged by weird and unsystematic house numbering), arose to be the outposts of Fashion, which is today contented to dwell where once it would have lost itself

* For a full account, see the author's " History of the Squares of London," 1907.

in wandering mazes. Even in our own times, so far away seemed Queen's Gate Gardens that when Sir Henry Maine and others lived there they were called, in reference to the almost rural characteristics of their residences, coupled with the name of the writer's well-known work, "Maine's Village Communities." Rather before this time, a time of tremendous building activity in London, large and important houses began to arise around the Regent's Park, and Nash completed (if building can ever be said to be completed in a great city) what Lord St. Albans and Sir Richard Grosvenor had begun.

To estimate the immense increase in the size of London during roughly the last two hundred years a comparison between Rocque's plan of 1745 and a map of the city as it is today is all that is needed. So far, however, as what may be called fashionable areas are concerned, it will be found that, for all practical purposes, everything west of Park Lane dates from a period of but little more than half that duration of time.

Many interesting old mansions, practically all of which have disappeared, with the exception of what is now the most interesting survival in London, Holland House, dotted those plains of the past with their ample gardens and aristocratic aloofness. But they were to our forebears in the nature of suburban, even country, residences, at a time when Knightsbridge and Kensington, Hampstead and Highgate, were villages reached by desperately bad roads, and having an analogy to what to us are (without the bad roads) farther flung places like Richmond and Brentford.

The vast improvement in facilities for getting about, which is one of the features of our present life, most markedly differentiating it from that of our ancestors, is even more responsible than the enlargement of London's boundaries for this change, and it is far easier and quicker for us to get to Chiswick than it was for the eighteenth century to get to Kensington, or for the early nineteenth to get to Fulham.

In order more particularly to examine what I have thus glanced at in a general way, it will be convenient to say something specifically about the general life, the men and women of fashion, the houses in which they lived, and the haunts in which they sought their diverse pleasures, in these three main centres of fashionable London. St. James's has from time immemorial acquired a special significance in this respect. Theodore Hook once, it will be remembered, laid it down that the really exiguous area bounded by Piccadilly and Pall Mall, St. James's Street and Waterloo Place (really lower Regent Street), was the very acme of fashion and possessed all that was best worth cultivating in the Metropolis. One wonders when the worthy Theodore made this remark; probably (or so one surmises) after several of those glasses of "toast-and-water" of which he was wont to partake in his special corner

at the Athenæum. Hook was born in 1788 and died in 1841. He was probably as much bemused by the building activity of the Regency as we are by that of our own time, and in a sort of resentful attitude to the Nash convention he may well have desired to say something startling and egregious.

For, as a matter of fact, although the West End began here, as we have seen, with the exception of St. James's Square itself there were few private houses of a character to support so sweeping an assertion. Even the majority of the great clubs are outside this arbitrary boundary, although, to be sure, White's and Boodle's are actually in it. All such generalisations are, indeed, fated to be overthrown by particular facts; and just as Johnson's dictum that the full tide of existence was to be seen at Charing Cross no longer possesses the substratum of truth it did in his day, so Hook's more daring one had not, even in his own times, anything but the value of a startling paradox.

Indeed, it is not in its great houses that St. James's is so specially differentiated from other abodes of fashion, as by a certain aura which pervades, and has for the last three centuries pervaded, its precincts. The very name connotes this. As we gaze from Piccadilly down that wonderful street, so changed as to its structures, yet so inevitably the same as it was in Fox's time and Selwyn's, and see the time-worn brick-work (once red, now blackened by historic memories) of the Palace, a wonderful panorama of the great and beautiful passes before us. All the centuries are commingled in that illustrious crowd, so that the bluff Henry and the bluff William pass together through the historic portal, while the one throws a Rabelaisian jest to the Duke of Suffolk and the other, arm in arm with Sir Philip Durham, makes his famous *mot* concerning the Palace clock. Charles, fresh from feeding the ducks in the Park or from chatting over the garden wall, with that " impudent comedian," as the shocked Evelyn calls Eleanor Gwynn, comes strolling up to the Piccadilly which has begun to take on a new name in honour of his new queen, or goes with his long strides to play tennis at the " court " in the Haymarket. Rochester is with him and Buckingham, and Tom Chiffinch and the inevitable Progers hang on the outskirts of the royal party. But Brummell is there too, and Selwyn, and Alvanley cutting his jokes, and " Apollo " Raikes, fresh from the East; and Dr. Johnson going into Wirgman's to buy some shoe-buckles, and Petersham cantering over the reverberating cobbles. . . .

White's! What a world that word alone connotes! All the gossip and the tittle-tattle, all the intrigues and the thousand and one details of politics and sport, of philandering and dress, seem summed up in that pregnant monosyllable. There it stands as it has stood ever since it crossed the street of fashion these hundred and seventy years ago,

OLD SCHOMBERG HOUSE, PALL MALL.

In 1852 much of this fine old mansion was demolished; but a portion was allowed to remain, and still stands. In it Gainsborough died, as a mural tablet indicates.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1852.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1821.

An illustration by George and Robert Cruikshank for Pierce Egan's "Life in London."

IN THE SALOON AT COVENT GARDEN, 1821.

An illustration by George and Robert Cruikshank for Pierce Egan's "Life in London."

THE OLD HOUSES AT THE CORNER OF JOHN STREET, PALL MALL.

The tavern on the left hand of John Street was the famous Prince of Wales's Feathers. Norfolk House can be seen in the square. John Street is said to be the shortest street in London.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1851.

with its innumerable memories, its hectic tales, its amazing betting book. You cannot think of it without visualising whole generations of illustrious ones who gaze at us from the canvases of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Knapton and Cotes, and who talk to us from the pages of Walpole and in the letters of a thousand interested correspondents. Betty the flower girl knows all about them, and can tell even the well-informed Horace news he is eager to retail to Mann in his distant Florence or Conway in his Henley fastness.

What pageants has the street not witnessed! What splendours, what solemn mourning, what tragedies! Charles going away in the cold snowy January morning to his apotheosis, at Whitehall; Byron, after that famous awakening, driving, solitary, to the House of Lords; Fox passing destitute from Brooks's to read Homer in the small hours, and Sheridan reeling out of White's. If in the days of the burly Tudors, and even in those of the graceful Stuarts, this street of streets was little better than a country road, hedged about and forming a rural adjunct to the Palace whose fresh red brick-work formed a splash of warm colour amidst the prevailing greenery, it was to become a more sophisticated thoroughfare quickly enough when the neighbouring square was laid out; and by the time the first Georges were settled on the throne it had developed into that fashionable street which, in spite of many architectural changes, and of even more subtle influences, it has since remained. Indeed, it is essentially with the chariots and sedans, the brocades and lute-strings, the clouded canes and the snuff-boxes of that period that it is chiefly reminiscent. For somehow, even the elaborate garb of Lord Petersham and Sir Lumley Skeffington, the breeches of the Regent and the trousers of Brummell, become merged in that earlier day—the day when Queen Caroline and Sir Robert ruled the country, when Pulteney was a power, and Chatham a rising star, and the egregious Newcastle exhibited his ignorance and the little wasp of Twickenham his spite.

Then it was that the coffee-houses anticipated the clubs, and Ministers of State foregathered at the St. James's, and Tories at Ozinda's and the Cocoa Tree; while Jacobites consorted in more retired haunts and plotted the return of the King over the water, in a dozen obscure corners of St. James's. There are, indeed, layers upon layers of historic fact buried beneath the paving stones and hidden in the modern structures of the thoroughfare. Every step you take in it, every house you look at, is capable of recalling, to those who know its history, some event of note, some outstanding or decorative personage. Here it was that Colonel Blood attempted to carry off the Duke of Ormonde (and nearly succeeded) in the very sight of His Grace's residence, Clarendon House, which then looked down the street, as the Palace still looks up it; here it was that

Walpole saw Fox's furniture being removed by his creditors, and just after met the great man himself, who talked about the Royal Marriage Bill, as if totally oblivious of the depredations on his property; here it was that Brummell pretended not to know the Prince who had cut him, and asked his friend Jack Lee who his fat friend was; here Dr. Johnson bought a pair of shoe-buckles on the spot where Arthur's Club is today; and here Byron awoke, at No. 8, recently rebuilt, to find himself famous. From a window of No. 29 the caricaturist Gillray threw himself, and in York Chambers, now a bank, at the corner of Piccadilly, the poet Campbell wrote; while Thackeray, who lodged once at No. 88, and George Meredith and Oscar Wilde (who wrote the first of his successful comedies here) link up the literary annals of the street with our own day.

One rather wonders what another notable resident of the past, Sir Christopher Wren, would have had to say about the thoroughfare's present metamorphosis. For in spite of many impressive buildings, and at least one outstandingly characteristic one (Boodle's club-house), the street has passed from that red-brick period, through an interregnum of stucco, to the commonplace of huge buildings. Nothing can spoil its inherent charm; the aura of a special environment will for ever pervade it; but it has begun to share with less select parts of the Metropolis in that rather blatant type of architecture which seems to aim at size for its impressiveness. Lock's historic hat-shop survives, and Berry's no less legend-haunted premises, but that is all, and to catch something of the old-world air of the thoroughfare you must pass into little Pickering Place, so quiet, so cloistral after its feverish Georgian days of cards and dice.

If St. James's Square cannot be said to be all business premises like Hanover Square, or so insistently commercial as the quadrates of Soho, it shares with Berkeley Square and Cavendish Square the fate which seems somehow to be peculiar to these once fashionable quarters. From being the *ne plus ultra* of " the ton," as they used to call it in early and mid-Victorian times, it has come to be invaded by clubs and banks and insurance offices, and since many a long year Government has thrown into it some of its outlying offices; while the inevitable block of flats has arisen disagreeably dominant on the site where Cleveland House, with all its memories of Capels and Howards, Fitzroys and Vanes, once stood. It is just thirty years ago since the old mansion succumbed to the combined attacks of Time, and the housebreakers who must have had their work cut out, for even the interior walls were three feet thick.

Disraeli once called St. James's Square the Faubourg St. Germain of London; except in memory, it can hardly be so described today; and

just as the Quartier Latin has to some extent obliterated the fashionable glory of its French counterpart, so here has the whirligig of time wrought as many and as drastic changes. But this fact remains: in spite of the flats and the business premises and the modern clubs, most of its structures still stand, altered internally as they have been; and at least half a dozen private residents still cling desperately to the square in which a king was born, and in which half the aristocracy of the country have at one time or another lived. Members of the great house of Howard occupied many of its houses until Norfolk House was completed, in 1752, and Brettingham produced the mansion substantially (the balcony is a later addition) as it is today. Two residences still stand on this double site, and in one of them, sheltered still behind the present one, George III. was born. That fact gives to the square a unique character, and King William III. prancing in the centre garden helps to accentuate the royal association.

Where this statue stands was once, as may be seen in one of Sutton Nicholl's views of the square, a circular piece of water, surrounded by railings in an octagonal form, and posts (which, when he ranged round its precincts with Savage, Dr. Johnson no doubt religiously touched) stood in front of the houses. Something of their appearance may be gathered from the inverted cannon in front of No. 2, once Lord Falmouth's, later Lord Avebury's, and now a bank—cannon taken by Admiral Boscawen in one of his naval engagements. Once the mansion before which they stand echoed to the ravishing sounds which Chopin evoked there in 1848; and Horace Walpole once produced more discordant ones, in Norfolk House, when he knocked over and smashed a vase in the ducal drawing-room.

Those days and later ones, in our own earlier times, seem removed by a great gulf—those days when the *beau monde* assembled in the splendid drawing-room of No. 4, designed by my Lord Burlington, and properly regarded as one of the finest apartments in London; when the Howards entertained lavishly at Norfolk House; when official life congregated at No. 10, where Chatham and Derby and Gladstone successively lived, and where the gorgeous Lady Blessington had begun those *salons* which were to reach their apotheosis, and their fall, at distant Gore House.

IX

PARKS AND PLEASANCES

One of the things which differentiates London from other cities is its wealth of open spaces. Its parks are not only on its boundaries, but in its midst; its great residential squares are in themselves vast gardens (although they are restricted to the use of those who live about them); its large public squares are to be found scattered about in spots on which commercialism must for ever gaze with envious and unsatisfied longing. Other great cities have such open spaces as these, like Paris, but when you wish to get to Paris's park you have to go far to reach it (for the Parc Monceau is nothing but a children's paradise, a well-dressed children's paradise, the paradise of little men and women). Vienna's Prater is a long way off, and although its Hoff-Garten is in the centre of things, it is a sophisticated place with its orchestras and its tea pavilions and its gravelled paths.

But Hyde Park (to speak of this first) washes the very shores of Fashion in Mayfair, spreads itself along to that hardly less favoured quarter by Prince's Gate and Queen's Gate, and stretches north to where the houses of what used to be called Tyburnia still rise amid trees, as if unable wholly to throw off the rustic attributes in which this district was clothed so relatively recently. London's parks and squares are nearly all of old-time foundation, so that they better represent former ages than do other parts of the Metropolis where successive building development has gradually obliterated the past. Thus it is that the Hyde Park of today more closely approximates to the Hyde Park of Charles II.'s time than does, say, the present Piccadilly with the Piccadilly of Caroline days. It was, indeed, in the time of Charles II. that Hyde Park was first walled round, a wall that was to give place to railings in the days of George IV. But long before then the Park had been a royal enclosure used for hunting, and in the reign of Charles I. for the horse and foot races that constantly took place there. Before Henry VIII.'s day, as being included in the manor of Hyde, it appertained to the Abbot and monks of the monastery of St. Peter's, Westminster, and it was they

THE ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK IN GEORGIAN DAYS.

The Achilles Statue, seen in the background, was set up in honour of the Duke of Wellington in 1822. The entrance gates were removed in favour of Decimus Burton's screen in 1828.

From a colour print dated 1825.

SKATING SCENE ON THE SERPENTINE.

This shows Henry Hunt, junior, driving his father's blacking van across the Serpentine for a wager of 100 guineas, on January 17, 1826.

From a contemporary lithograph by Ingrus and Madeley.

THE GREAT ENCAMPMENT IN HYDE PARK IN 1780.

The Lord George Gordon Riots of this year were responsible for this show of military energy, a little belated as it was.

From an etching by Paul Sandby, of that date.

SKATING SCENE IN HYDE PARK IN 1787.

The building on the left was the once famous Cake House.

From a picture by Ibbetson, of that date.

who first enclosed it. In that monarch's reign, however, it passed to the Crown and became a royal hunting-ground, conveniently near the Palace of St. James's, which the King had constructed out of the old Leper Hospital. Edward VI. during his short reign entertained foreigners of distinction here, and among the Hatfield MSS. is an account of a special banqueting-house erected in the Park on the occasion of the visit of the French Ambassador. Then, Marylebone Park seems to have been almost part and parcel of Hyde Park, and it was grouped with the latter in the preparations for hunting and feasting. At the beginning of Mary's reign the Park took on for a time a military air, for here at its famous corner Sir Thomas Wyatt planted his ordnance, when he made his abortive attempt to wrest the sovereignty from the Queen.

Thenceforward Hyde Park entered into nothing more feverish than the social life of successive periods. Elizabeth hunted here as her father and brother had done; and when coaches first appeared in England in her reign they were no doubt to be seen jolting over those rough roads which succeeded the splendid highways of the Romans and preceded the macadam of our own day.

Two distinct periods stand out prominently in the history of Hyde Park: that of the Restoration and that of the Regency. For it was in the former that the Park began to take on that air as a fashionable lounge which clung to it more or less till mechanism banished the horse, and lounging in any form went out of fashion. In Caroline days and well into the eighteenth century the Park was more formal but less sophisticated than it is now. Rotten Row had been made, and ran between two rows of trees; a double avenue extended parallel with Tyburn Lane (the Park Lane of today) with the reservoir of the Chelsea Water-works, opposite Mount Street, and about midway between what are now Stanhope Gate, and Cumberland Gate where the Marble Arch is. Farther west opposite this reservoir was a square belt of trees bounding the circular enclosure known as the Ring, where races were held and Lady Castlemaine used to drive, lying asleep in her carriage. As Grammont says, " nothing was so much the fashion, during the fine weather, as this promenade, which was the rendezvous of fashion and beauty. Every one, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither, and the King seemed pleased with the place."

Certainly at that time Hyde Park was more popular than St. James's Park, and so it continued to be till the days of the Georges, when the Mall began to attract the fine gentlemen and ladies of the day. During the Regency, however, when people took to driving and riding more and walking less, Hyde Park again came into fashion, and remained the chief centre for fashionable airing till those Victorian days when Boys drew

his famous picture of a characteristic afternoon there, and those later days still when a string of carriages passed slowly round and round, or congregated by the Achilles statue, what time the Princess of Wales drove down the serried ranks of vehicles, in a tour which had become one of the recognised features of the London Season.

Old prints show us what the entrance at Hyde Park Corner looked like before Decimus Burton replaced the old cast-iron gates by his triple archway and screen, in 1828; when the famous apple-stall stood where Apsley House is, flanked by low tiled cottages with posts and rails in front of them; when the turnpike, which was removed thither from Berkeley Street in 1721, stretched across the top of Piccadilly, and its " house " stood, a square tiled structure, on its south side. That turnpike remained for many a long day, later to be amplified and modernised (if you can ever modernise a turnpike), until, indeed, 1825, when it was removed and all this part was prepared for a classic transformation.

Of Hyde Park's other entrances, Stanhope Gate dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, and was, I imagine, named after Lord Chesterfield, whose mansion faces it; in fact, it may have been made as a convenience for him, just as the gate (now closed and with the pavement carried along in front of it) opposite Kingston House, in Knightsbridge, was for the convenience of the notorious Duchess of Kingston, who then lived there. Grosvenor Gate was older, having been opened in 1726; but Cumberland Gate did not come till 1775, when what was then called the Circus was formed on the spot where Tyburn Tree had once drawn its thousands of sensation-loving spectators. What old Cumberland Gate looked like can be seen in the illustration on page 86. That structure was taken down about 1850, and the Marble Arch, formerly in front of Buckingham Palace, which was found unadaptable when Blore made his alterations to the Palace in 1846, was erected in its place. In more recent days a portion of the Park was cut off to enlarge the roadway, and the arch was thus left in its isolated position, having ceased to be an entrance, to become a rather aimless landmark. Albert Gate was opened in 1846, and the two stags which surmount it were once at the entrance to the Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park.

All sorts of things have helped to change the essential aspect of Hyde Park from what it was. The substitution of iron railings for the low brick wall that once ran round it is, from a spectacular point of view, the most important, for it thus made its greenery one with Knightsbridge and Park Lane and the Bayswater Road. Then the building of Apsley House and its adjoining mansions has wholly altered this corner, a corner on which the so-called Achilles and Lord Byron with his dog, gaze from their opposite points of vantage.

STATUES IN THE PARK

Although the Park cannot be said to be alive with statues or monuments of any kind, they are to be found either by the water, like the Peter Pan, of Sir John Frampton, or in the wooded glades like the physically energetic youth on his prancing steed, of Watts, or that exquisite little fountain with its statue of Diana (surely the most beautiful and graceful open-air monument in London), which those walking by the Row see standing on the grass and surrounded by the flower-beds which have given to Hyde Park its most attractive feature.

Recently an addition to such things has been made by Mr. Epstein's panel attached to the charmingly contrived bird-bath of Mr. Pearson. One imagines that neither the fame of Hudson, to whom this memorial is consecrated, or the reputation of the architect is likely to suffer from the advertisement accorded to this much-discussed panel, whose outlines, so far from being the last word in modernity, have been traced to an Abyssinian model of remote antiquity.

If you wander from the beaten paths you may find all sorts of interesting things among the wooded glades: the Ranger's Lodge, for instance, probably the most rural residence in London; the two little stones which mark the spot where an embankment once was, an embankment formed to stop the shots fired by the soldiers at targets hereabouts, the stones being used by the Duke of Cumberland's sharpshooters as rests for their muskets, and bearing the initials D. C. S. S., which may probably have puzzled many; the rustic little keeper's lodge on its mound above the Serpentine; the Dogs' Cemetery; the unexpected monument to Dr. Abernethy; and the rest.

But some things have disappeared; and one of these was that Cake House which stood on the north side of the Serpentine, about midway between its bridge and its eastern end, where people used to go to refresh themselves, and whither the body of the Duke of Hamilton was carried after his fatal duel, with Lord Mohun in 1712, which took place near Price's Lodge close by. The Cake House had been in existence since the reign of James I., when it was known as the " Grave Maurice's Head," later as " The Lodge," which Pepys calls it, and later still as the Cheesecake House or the Lake House alternatively.

Caroline of Anspach, who robbed the Park of three hundred acres in order to beautify Kensington Gardens, was responsible for the Serpentine, which in those days of absolutely square or oblong pieces of artificial water, as that in St. James's Park originally was, was sufficiently natural in form to earn this name. On part of its site once stood " The Old Lodge," and this was destroyed in 1730 to make way for what is the finest sheet of water in London. About the same time the new road in the Park to Kensington was formed; the earlier one, which was then known as the King's Old Road and now Rotten Row (whether

from Route du Roi, or as some think the word " Rotteran," to muster, will always, I suppose, be debatable), being relegated to riding only; except that the Sovereign can, of course, drive down it—and one other person, the Duke of St. Albans, in virtue of his office of Grand Falconer of England.

It was thus Caroline the Illustrious who first took steps to make the Park " natural," in contradistinction to the formal character it had hitherto possessed; and since her day this has been carried on so successfully that in spite of its roads and its band-stands, its tea-houses and its statues, it remains essentially rural, and you may wander about its hundreds of acres, and forget that you are within a stone's-throw of the great city whose ceaseless murmurings hardly penetrate the recesses where vistas give you, here, the sparkling waters of the Serpentine, there, the red-brick Palace dreaming of its days of Georgian splendour; with the " Big Penny," a splash of white, standing out in front, as the memory of the great Queen it perpetuates stands out dominant.

That Palace is in Kensington Gardens, and Kensington Gardens are for all practical purposes a part of Hyde Park and partake of its rustic charm. Many things have happened to these once private adjuncts to a royal residence; and where Hervey strolled and the Lepels and Bellendens of the day glittered in a regal environment, all the world can disport itself about the Round Pond, or in Wren's beautiful orangery, or beneath the pleached alleys of that Dutch garden where the spirit of the Georgian age seems to dwell, with the combined architecture of Wren and Kent impendent above them. And then the undying memory of that early morning scene when the two old men kissed the trembling hand of the young girl whom Fate had called to be mistress of half the world, mingles with earlier scenes: the obese Queen having her secret interview with her fugitive brother; Sir Robert in deep discussion with the energetic Queen-Consort; the choleric little King returning testily from Herrenhausen; the little child in the great black hat walking demurely amid the crowd that saw in her the ampler day that was to dawn when her plethoric, rather undignified uncle should have shuffled off the coil of a sovereignty to which he had never quite grown accustomed.

But after all, in spite of the many changes that have come over Kensington Gardens, the coming of Sir James Barrie has created the greatest revolution. We all knew the Serpentine and the Round Pond, the Broad Walk and the statue of Queen Victoria; but it was he who was to convert these into elements of childish romance. No longer can we look into the waters of the Serpentine without seeing there another world, upside down, as in a dream; that statue will forever now be the Big Penny of his humour; that little island will always conceal Peter

Pan and his companions, and Wendy will ever fly gracefully among the fairies. St. Govor's Well has mystic properties hitherto undreamed of; and what a place for hiding it is! and we, who have so often run up and down the wide way that links up the north and the south of the Park, never knew, till we were told, that its most exciting part was the Hump; or that it had its special tree (among those thousands), the sole property of C. Hewlett; or that another walk was where the Figs disported themselves, the Figs of whom Miss Mabel Gray (whose name is curiously not mentioned by Mr. Smith or Dr. Wheatley or Messrs. Larwood and Hotten, who call themselves historians of London's parks) was one—but one who broke away from convention—the very pioneer of all the Figs who have ever made a name in the world beyond the railings (to which the lady with the balloons perilously clings) of Kensington Gardens. Matthew Arnold has sung in these glades, Mr. Meredith has brought Richard Feverel to walk here, but even they have not touched it into such romantic simplicity, as has the genius whose little white bird sings among the branches of its listening trees.

If the heyday of Hyde Park may be said to have been during the Restoration, with a recrudescence in the times of the Regency and the Victorian era, that of St. James's Park was during the period covered by the reign of Anne and the earlier Georges. St. James's Park has greatly altered in relatively recent days: the transformation of the Mall—where they used to play the game from which it takes its title, and where the Fashion of George II.'s reign was wont to disport itself—into what was once threatened with the horrific title of Processional Avenue, a title, one is thankful to say, that did not "catch on," as the phrase is—has completely taken from this portion of it that rural character which formed, curiously enough, a background to a period in which sophistication in manners and ideas reached its apogee. In place of those formal rows of trees up and down which the fine gentlemen and brocaded ladies of the day delighted to saunter, between the wooden skirting which was an adjunct of the game in which some of the more energetic were wont to indulge, we have a wide roadway alive with the constant taxi and motor-car, and connecting the stone-faced Palace (which was then the red-brick Buckingham House) with the Admiralty Arch, which was then a cul-de-sac.

It is a curious fact that in those far-off days St. James's Park, if more rural at this spot, was elsewhere far more formal. Then, what is now the ornamental water (and there are few more beautiful vistas in London than those to be gained on each side of the bridge across it) was a long narrow strip of water in which no attempt was made at picturesqueness, because the age thought it sufficiently picturesque. It was called "The Canal," and that is just what it looked like. Even Rosamund's Pond at

its south-west end was an oblong basin, and had little that was romantic in its appearance, although romance became associated with it. At the south-east end of the canal, other ponds which had been grown over, were cleared and enlarged, and little islands—Duck Island being the principal—were formed and helped to give this spot a less sophisticated air. All these things were due to Charles II., who employed Lenôtre to create them out of what had originally been but a vast meadow intersected by ponds and water-courses; and it was Lenôtre who recognised that the essential beauties of the place were preferable to anything he could do to improve them, and who persuaded the King to leave it largely as it was, and not to transform it, as had been his intention, into a kind of second-hand Versailles.

Walks were formed, thickets and trees planted, and the most made of the natural springs found in the ground; and thus it remained while Charles strolled about the pleasance, bandying witticisms with his courtiers and feeding his ducks; while William left it alone, in his seclusion at Kensington or his absences abroad on his campaigns; while George I. and George II. passed through it occasionally, and their Courts made it a fashionable lounge; while George III. looked at it from the windows of Buckingham House, which he had bought for Queen Charlotte; and George IV. from the back windows of Carlton House regarded it with the boredom he sometimes affected and so often felt.

It was, however, in his time that the Park, which had by then become neglected and desolate, was laid out in what has been characteristically described as a " tasteful manner "; but Fashion had by then gone elsewhere, to Hyde Park and so forth, and nothing was able to tempt it back to the spot where its forebears had flaunted their beauty and their splendour in earlier days. By this time Carlton House had also gone, to make way for Carlton House Terrace (1826); the York Column and the steps flanking it came soon after, and other alterations gradually changed the appearance of the Park, until in our own day the Mall improvement, as it was called, completed the transformation which had been inaugurated by the buildings in Spring Garden (once really a pleasure garden), and the enlargement of the Admiralty which swept away the old red-brick structure known as the Gun House. Largely changed were the features of the Horse Guards Parade, over which the Foreign Office came to brood between 1862 and 1876, leaving the historic Downing Street, which bears a charmed life, and the Horse Guards itself, which Vardy had erected from Kent's designs in 1753, alone to preserve something of the former appearance of St. James's Park.

The Green Park is now part and parcel of its more extensive neighbour. It contains but little over half a hundred acres, but in earlier days was larger, before George III., in 1767, cut off a con-

THE ORNAMENTAL WATER IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The Horse Guards is seen in the distance, as well as No. 10, Downing Street to the right.

From a lithograph by T. M. Baynes, dated 1846.

GROSVENOR GATE AND THE NEW LODGE, DESIGNED BY DECIMUS BURTON.

The bay-window house at the corner was once occupied by Benjamin Disraeli.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 18-1.

THE SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF THE GERMAN CHAPEL AT ST. JAMES'S.

The courtyard and a portion of St. James's Palace are on the left. Today the garden wall of Marlborough House runs from the chapel to the Mall; here the space is shown open.

From a drawing by J. C. Buckler, dated 1827.

STOREY'S GATE AND GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER.

The Institute of Electrical Engineers' premises are now on the site of the house shown on the extreme right; while the Government buildings have covered the site of the whole of the north side of George Street.

From a water-colour drawing by T. H. Shepherd dated 1814.

siderable portion of it to amplify the gardens of Buckingham House. Once it was known as Upper St. James's Park, and for all practical purposes that is actually what it is today.

There is now no water in it, but in earlier times there was an oblong pond, running from north to south, behind the Ranger's Lodge which faced Piccadilly, nearly opposite Down Street; and at its north-east end, beneath the windows of the Ritz Hotel, was a reservoir well shown in Hogarth's picture of this corner of the Park; this reservoir, which was filled up in 1856, is notable for the fact that Benjamin Franklin here once exhibited the power of oil in stilling turbulent water on a windy day; and it had a tragic association, if the fact that it was in it that Harriet Westbrook committed suicide in 1816 can be substantiated; although I think the Serpentine is more likely to have been the scene of that sad event.

Other tragedies did actually take place in the Green Park, however, for it was once a favourite place for duels, and here Beau Fielding ran Sir Henry Colt through the body, in 1696; and here Lord Hervey and William Pulteney fought later, although with less serious consequences.

Queen Caroline wanted to build a royal residence here, but only completed a library, practically where Stafford House is now; while at a later date when Gwynn, the architect, was formulating his schemes for London improvements, he projected a palace whose front would have absorbed the whole west side of St. James's Street, and whose gardens would have impinged largely on the Park behind.

In those days a brick wall enclosed the Green Park as one did St. James's Park. In 1840 the Ranger's Lodge, to which I have referred, was pulled down, and railings subsequently replaced the wall which had effectually hidden the structure from Piccadilly. The erection of the Ritz Hotel, which rose on the site of the red-brick Walsingham House, has greatly altered the appearance of this corner of the Park, but the houses of St. James's Place and Arlington Street, which back on to it, although in many cases rebuilt, are substantially as they were many years earlier. Bridgewater House, which Barry designed in 1850, occupied the site of Cleveland House; while Stafford House, which Wyatt began to build for the Duke of York and Barry finished for the Duke of Sutherland some ten years earlier, replaced, as we have seen, the library of Queen Caroline.

But whatever changes may have taken place in St. James's Park and the Green Park—and they have been numerous and drastic—one thing remains as it was in the days of the earlier Georges, and as, indeed, a fragment was in those of the Tudors: I mean St. James's Palace, whose warm red-brick forms a pleasant touch of subdued colouring behind the trees of the Mall, next to the stone of Stafford House and the stucco of

Clarence House. Changes have occurred here: Marlborough Road has opened up a way into the Park (and in recent years has been enlarged by a wider pavement against the Palace garden wall), and Marlborough House has had an extra storey added to it, although its entrance is as bad as it was when Duchess Sarah tried to buy some of the houses in Pall Mall in order to enlarge it, and was circumvented in the very act by Sir Robert, whom, in consequence, she thought it only justice to wish hanged!

If you examine Horwood's map of London for 1799, you will see that all the area north of what was then called the New Road to Paddington, but which is now the Marylebone Road, was open ground, with but here and there small collocations of buildings dotted about, Mitten's Farm, the Jew's Harp, and the Queen's Head and Artichoke being the most prominent. All this area was then known as Marylebone Park, and it was behind the Manor House, where Beaumont Street and portions of Devonshire Street and Place are now, that the once famous Marylebone Gardens were formed. The Manor passed to the Crown in Henry VIII.'s time, but was sold by James I., and it was not till, certain leases having expired, it reverted to the Crown during the Regency, that a commission was appointed with a view to its development, and the Regent's or the Regency Park, as it was called, together with the houses around and in it, came into being, in 1812. The whole was laid out by Mr. James Morgan from the plans of John Nash, who designed all the rows of terraces and houses, with the exception of Cornwall Terrace which was the work of Decimus Burton. The Prince Regent intended, it is said, to erect a palace on the north-east side of the newly laid out Park, but this scheme never materialised; indeed, I am not aware that anyone even went so far as to draw out plans for it, as Gwynn did for his suggested royal residence in St. James's Street.

If one wanted to give an idea of the salient characteristics of neo-Georgian domestic architecture in London, one would point to the massive stucco-fronted houses of the Regent's Park as the most outstanding and complete example of such a convention; and not only this, for that vast building conception represents one of London's most extensive developments, the others being the formation of the Grosvenor estate in Mayfair at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in Belgravia in the early years of the nineteenth.

The Regent's Park is unlike other London parks, in that it contains not only the grounds of certain institutions, such as the Royal Botanic Society and the Zoological Society, but also a number of private houses, in addition to those phalanxed terraces that surround it, such as St. Dunstan's Villa, North Villa, South Villa and St. Katherine's Lodge; while it has a Baptist College, once known as Holford House, within its

372 acres. Now that all Nash's work has been destroyed in Regent Street, the houses in the Regent's Park have become the most prominent survivals of his stuccoed style—a style which reflects the spirit of his period as markedly as do the red-brick houses of Westminster and Mayfair that of an earlier time, and the old half-timbered structure in Holborn that of one still earlier. For they are the completion of that vast scheme which, beginning with Carlton House Terrace, passed up Waterloo Place and Regent Street, and found its ultimate expression in the spot where, as we may see by James Ward's picture, a few years earlier cattle were grazing in the meadows and pastures of an absolutely rural neighbourhood.

It is a long way from Regent's Park to Battersea Park; many may think the latter a long way from anywhere, since those days in the nineties when it was suddenly discovered, and all the world and his wife, or with other people's wives, went bicycling there—one of those fads of fashion which died out like roller-skating and diabolo. This sudden incursion into what had been hitherto regarded by Mayfair and Belgravia as the wilds of the unknown, gave to Battersea Park a sort of modern air, and many no doubt dated it from the period when they discovered it. As a matter of fact, steps had been taken to convert Battersea Fields, as they then were, into a park so long ago as 1846, although it was not till twelve years later that the Park was formally opened.

Battersea Park is differentiated from the other London parks in that it possesses a long river frontage whence the picturesque houses of Cheyne Walk, old Chelsea Church, and Chelsea Hospital, to say nothing of Crosby Hall in its alien environment, can be seen beyond the trees of the Embankment and the grey and silver of the river which Whistler has made his own. The Albert Suspension Bridge, which touches the Park at its western end, did not come till 1873; while the old Battersea Bridge, that picturesque wooden structure which had been built in 1772 and was declared unsafe in 1881, was succeeded in 1892 by the Victoria Suspension Bridge, which bounds the Park on the east. Besides its large lake, Battersea Park enjoys another "amenity," and one in which it is unique. This is the Subtropical Garden, extending to about four acres, which is regarded as the finest thing of the kind open to the public. In relatively recent days building development has surrounded Battersea Park with large blocks of red-brick flats; but in spite of these it remains less sophisticated than the Regent's Park, and it fills a gap between the fashionable air of Hyde Park and the purely proletarian atmosphere of Victoria Park.

Few of those dwelling in the west know Victoria Park, and not unnaturally, for it is miles away in the north-east of our be-bricked

county. Of course, with our remarkable system of transit there are various ways of getting to it, but if you like a long walk you can reach it by going along the Mile End Road, which is a continuation of High Street, Whitechapel, and when you come to Grove Road, turning up that thoroughfare which you will find, in time, bisecting Victoria Park with its boating lake and its bathing lake, its fountain and its band-stand, and two churches within its precincts. Although so far away Victoria Park has a connecting-link with the West End, in that when the Marquis of Stafford gave £72,000 for the Crown lease of Stafford House, in 1841, the purchase money was allocated to the formation of this people's pleasance in the far-off regions of Bethnal Green and Hackney. The ground purchased extended to 265 acres, bounded by the Ducket Canal and the Regent's Canal, and fields now covered by streets and houses. Not only is Victoria Park one of the most necessary of London's lungs, but it serves as a recreation ground for this thickly populated district; and Socialists might do well to note that its existence is at least indirectly due to the shekels of a millionaire nobleman.

The map of London is dotted with the green oases which indicate lesser parks or recreation grounds; there is, for instance, Southwark Park across the river, overlooking the Pool and London Dock, which was opened in 1869; and little Deptford Park still farther south; there is Clissold Park in the north, and Primrose Park with its famous Hill, and Queen's Park at Kilburn, and Kennington Park by the Oval; but these and innumerable "Fields" and so forth are notable for nothing but the fact—and it is the best of all facts—that there have been those who have had their eyes constantly turned to the importance of these lungs or air-holes or whatever one likes to call them, in that mighty, over-grown microcosm of life which is London.

VIEW OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

The bridge shown is that designed by Labeyle and opened in 1750. The buildings in the foreground are those of Lambeth Palace. In the distance, on the left, is Westminster Abbey.

From a picture by Farington, dated 1798.

X

THE RIVER OF LONDON

We have become so used to the Thames Embankment, although for long it was relatively little used, that many are apt to forget that before 1862, when that great work was begun, there was no way along the river between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, and that for all practical purposes the Thames was as much cut off from the sight of the Londoner as it still is beyond Blackfriars on the one bank, and practically as the whole of it is on the south side. In earlier days access to it was only gained down those narrow streets which ended in stairs or landing stages. And yet the river in past times was used not only as a means of necessary transit, but as a means of pleasure, notwithstanding that the narrowness of the arches of the then existing bridges made it on occasion not a little dangerous to navigate. But, on the other hand, the enforced rapidity of the stream shooting under London Bridge was neutralised to some extent by the then far greater width of the river; for when the Embankment came into existence, it cut off a much larger portion of the foreshore than is generally realised.

In this connection a study of certain lithographic views of it will enable the reader to estimate the great differences which the coming of Bazalgette's scheme introduced not merely to the body of the Thames itself, but also to the appearance of its north bank. These views were published not long before the Embankment was begun; indeed, as we know that the first half (or side) of new Westminster Bridge was not opened till March, 1860, the second half being completed and opened in May, 1862 (the year of the commencement of the Embankment), the lithographs which show the bridge half formed, must have been issued between those dates.

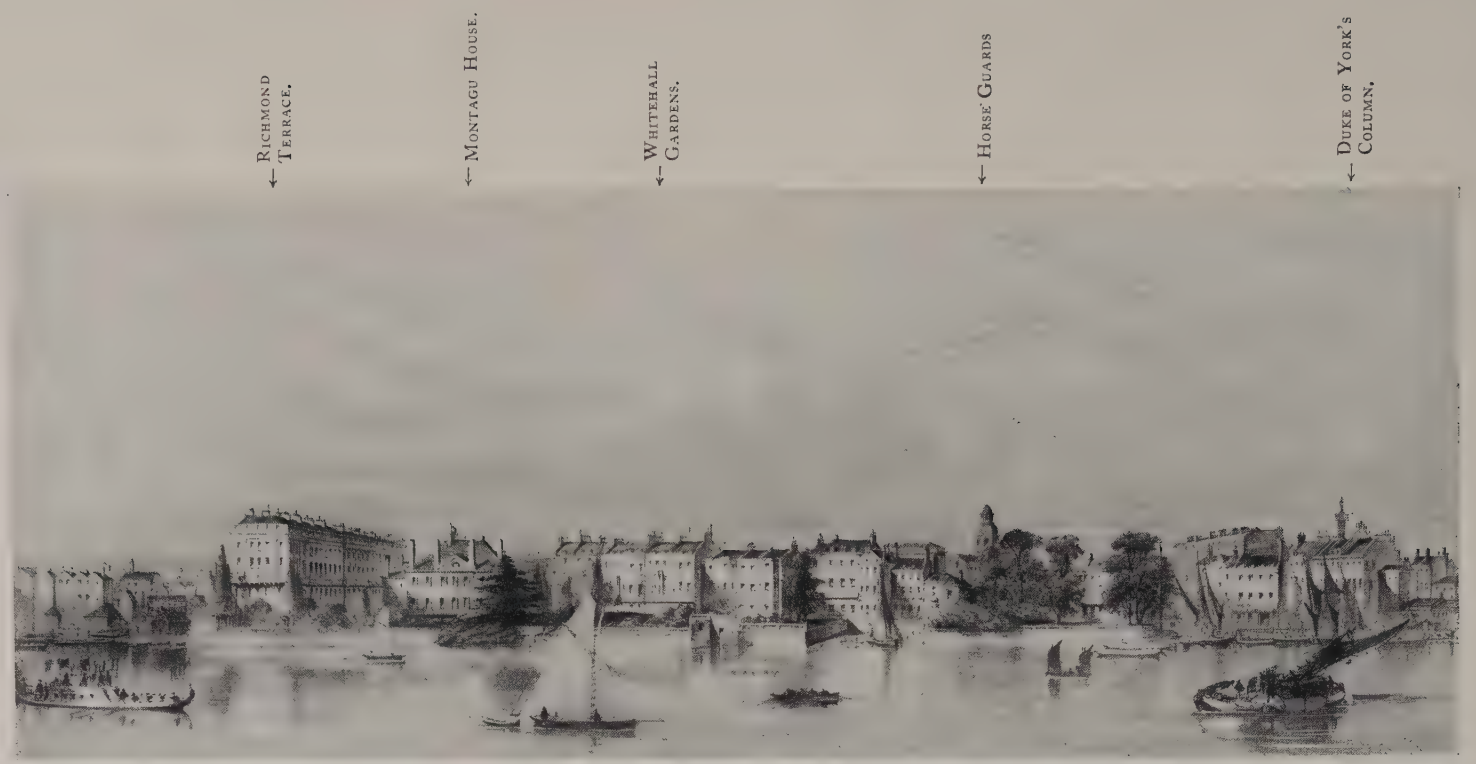
The Houses of Parliament were then relatively new, having replaced those shown in the picture on page 112, and having been completed, in 1857, by the erection of the Victoria Tower, which was finished in that year. From the east side of Westminster Bridge onwards, the Thames was then bounded on its north side by the garden fronts of private houses, by the camp-shedding running along the Temple Gardens, and by

Somerset House, whose base was then washed by the water, and gave a proper proportion and dignity to that magnificent structure, which it now lacks through the Embankment cutting across its base. The section in these lithographs from Richmond Terrace to Whitehall Place is a particularly interesting one; for while Richmond Terrace remains substantially as it was, the Montagu House shown (which was erected in 1731) is the predecessor to the present building, although the new mansion was in building from 1859 to 1862, which would indicate that the drawings for these lithographs were made several years before the latter were published. The backs of the houses in Whitehall Gardens (in one of which Sir Robert Peel lived, and died in 1850) are visible, and where the War Office and Whitehall Court are now, a mass of trees gives a rural character to the spot. Farther on, where the Charing Cross Railway Bridge was to come (from the designs of Hawkshaw, in 1863–66 it was widened in 1888), is the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, so called because it led directly from Hungerford Market, which stood on the site now occupied by the terminus, and whose three-arched front may be discerned in the background. The market was done away with in 1860 when the railway was built, and in the following year the suspension bridge was taken down, and re-erected at Clifton.

Nothing shows better how far the Embankment advanced into the river than the fact that the famous York Water Gate, designed by Inigo Jones, or as some think by Sir Balthazar Gerbier, and built by Nicholas Stone, was at this time at the edge of the river; and we know how far back from it it is now. Farther on, Adelphi Terrace preserves more or less its original appearance; but the houses beyond have all, of course, disappeared in favour of the gardens which run beneath the windows of the Hotel Cecil and Savoy, and the red-brick building by the west side of Waterloo Bridge, which has in turn served various purposes, medical and electrical among them.

What I have already said about Somerset House will be better realised by a study of the plate on page 208, which shows a corner of it as Chambers meant it to appear in relation with the Thames, and not truncated as it is now. This picture is, too, interesting as indicating, better than most views of Waterloo Bridge do, its narrowness as compared with its otherwise massive and beautifully distinctive outlines.

We all know what a remarkable building development has taken place on the Norfolk estate, east of the bridge. Here we see what the houses looked like between that spot and the Temple, some forty odd years ago. Many of their foundations were washed by the river; their bay-windows overhung it, and as we look at them we are inevitably reminded of the picturesque dwellings of the Borgo St. Jacopo, in Florence, which are thus reflected in the Arno. The Temple



FROM RICHMOND TERRACE TO WHITEHALL PLACE.

Richmond Terrace remains substantially as it was; the Montagu House shown was succeeded by the present structure (William Burn, architect) in 1862. The rural character of Whitehall Place will be observed.

From a lithograph. Circa 1862.

SOMERSET HOUSE, FROM THE RIVER.

This shows Chambers's design unaffected by the construction of the Embankment, which has sadly truncated its base.

From an old print. Circa 1848.

THE EMBANKMENT AS IT IS.

The buildings on the left are those of Scotland Yard; in the centre is Montagu House and at the extreme right Whitehall Court, with the war memorial in front.

From a recent photograph.

FROM HUNGERFORD BRIDGE TO BEYOND ADELPHI TERRACE.

Although the Adelphi preserves much of its former appearance, the river front and the buildings in its immediate vicinity have wholly changed. Note the proximity of the York Water Gate to the river.

From a lithograph. Circa 1862.

Gardens, with a wide roadway now running between them and the Thames, and guarded by solid iron railings, then, as we see, stretched down to the water's edge, with their lawns ending in camp-shedding, like the lawns of houses in the upper reaches of the Thames! We can thus understand how Pip in "Great Expectations" could speak of his rooms in Garden Court as being "down by the river." Garden Court is far enough away from it now.

As we are concerned here only with the West End, our investigations should properly stop at this point, which coincides with the City's boundary at the spot where Temple Bar once stood. But did we proceed farther along the river, we should find that from the end of the Temple Gardens to Blackfriars Bridge, wharves and warehouses, with a background of gasometers and smoking chimneys, very like what still obtains on the south bank, occupied the place of the many fine buildings that have arisen there since; the gasometers being curiously enough where the headquarters of much of the daily press are today, and where, then, smoke was daily blown from many chimneys in the eyes of the citizens!

Sir Joseph Bazalgette's comprehensive scheme changed all the north bank of the Thames, between Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars Bridge, so completely that were it not for the presence of Somerset House and the Temple we should have difficulty in recognising it. Had the scheme of an earlier town-planner been carried out, the appearance of a portion of the river front between these two points would have been still more wholly transformed. In 1824 Colonel Trench prepared a plan for forming an embankment, on most elaborate lines, beginning at the point where Craven Street converges into Northumberland Avenue, and extending to Blackfriars Bridge. The reason, no doubt, why Trench did not embrace in his proposals the more westerly portion of the river front was because, then, a number of private houses in Whitehall—Montagu House, Cassilis House, Lady Exeter's residence, Pembroke House, and so on—occupied ground immediately abutting on the Thames. The outstanding feature of Trench's scheme was a roadway carried on arches high above the water-level, on to which Waterloo Bridge and Blackfriars Bridge would have joined. The accompanying illustrations will sufficiently indicate the novel suggestion—a suggestion amplified, in an alternative scheme, for a portion on the west of Waterloo Bridge. The cost of the improvement was estimated at £638,000 odd; but half a million and more seemed a very different sum in 1825 to what it does in 1925; and although the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney, and Solicitor-General, with a number of other influential people, were in favour of it, it never emerged beyond Trench's plans and the reproduction of them published in 1825.

Although much of the scheme is open to criticism, certain portions

of it were superior to Bazalgette's undertaking which, by the way, cost £2,000,000. For one thing the raising of the roadway would have enabled traffic over the two bridges to be naturally diverted along it, and would thus have relieved the congestion in the Strand and Fleet Street; and Somerset House would have remained as Chambers designed it, its base being incorporated in Trench's plan—a plan which may largely be said to have been formed on Chambers's architectural scheme. The bridge shown in one of his illustrations was suggested in order not to interfere with the rights of certain riparian owners at this spot; while the open colonnade along the Temple Gardens, was with the object of preserving the amenities of the Temple by leaving its gardens open to the river edge.

Although Trench's embankment scheme stopped at Blackfriars Bridge, I may mention that in front of St. Paul's he suggested a great river stairway having an approach to the south door of the cathedral, which would have thus been partially open to the Thames. This would have proved a splendid improvement, and one of which even Wren, who did suggest a "wharf" or embankment from Blackfriars eastward, did not dream.

I have said that a hundred years ago the Thames at London was used far more generally than it is today, when barges and police-boats are, with rare exceptions, the only craft one sees on it. Then, and for many years after, people "took boat" as they had done in Tudor times and still more insistently in Georgian days. Old pictures and prints depict its surface covered with craft of all kinds, and allowing for some pictorial licence in the artists, who desired naturally to give their topographical background the human touch, there is no doubt that the Thames as a pleasure highway survived far into the Victorian era. One of these days when the traffic problem has become, if possible, still more difficult than it is today, and has really reached an insoluble point, we may see a recrudescence of this aquatic activity, and steamboats may ply along the stream with the regularity and advantage they do in Paris. In 1849, as a panoramic view of that date indicates, the old paddle-steamers were many and frequent, sailing boats might have been seen opposite Somerset House, and skiffs and wherries dotted the stream, and gave evidence of those "parties of pleasure" of which Hassall writes in a very scarce little volume. Then, the *Maria Wood* floated on the Thames, as it had floated since it was built in 1816, and was used as the Lord Mayor's state barge, as the so-called "gondola" which preceded it, and had been constructed nine years earlier, did before. Then, too, many of the great City Companies owned their state barges, and the river was made gay by their decorative outlines as it had been

THE TEMPLE AND ITS GARDENS.

The houses west of the Temple are on the Norfolk Estate, now wholly rebuilt. The Temple Gardens have been extended and enclosed by iron railings. They are here shown terminating in camp-shedding.

From a lithograph. Circa 1862.

COLONEL TRENCH'S PLAN FOR A THAMES EMBANKMENT, PUBLISHED IN 1825.

This design was, of course, conceived long before an embankment existed, as it was not until 1870 that Bazalgette's Victoria Embankment was completed. In general design Trench's plan simply consisted in a continuation of the arcaded plinth of Somerset House, a corner of which can be seen on the extreme right of Waterloo Bridge. The church on the left is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and in the centre lies the Adelphi.

gay in the times of Charles II. and the earlier Georges; while down to 1816 a portion of the Lord Mayor's Show took place on the Thames.

Once, at least, Queen Victoria appeared in these lower reaches in that beautiful state barge, last seen at Henley some years ago. It was in 1849 that she used it in going to open the new Coal Exchange. On that occasion she embarked, and landed on her return, at Whitehall Stairs, as so many of her predecessors had done before, and the royal pageant for a moment seemed to re-create in the mind's eye that vast palace whose frontage stretched along the river from where Richmond Terrace is now to Horse Guards Avenue.

For a time a more permanent sight on the Thames was the Chinese junk, which arrived there from its far-off home in 1848. It was first moored at Blackwall and later, during the Season, was towed up above Waterloo Bridge, and was visited by, among many thousands, Charles Dickens who has left his impressions of its celestial atmosphere.

There is no doubt that if our ancestors had narrower streets than ours, they at least made good use of the broad highway which we have come altogether (except for commercial purposes) to neglect. Perhaps when the authorities have realised the necessity and value of a south bank to the river, the Thames will again enter into a phase of popularity, and steamboats be made to pay.

All the bridges existing in west London, over the Thames, are, with the exception of Waterloo Bridge, considerably less than a century old. In early days there was but one across the river at all, London Bridge, and those wishing to go from one side to the other did so by boat, and embarked or landed at those innumerable stairs which were dotted along the banks—stairs which were often called " bridges," and might thus lead to confusion, as when Latimer, in 1549, refers, in a sermon, to " Westminster Bridge." By about the middle of the eighteenth century, and not till then, two additional ones came into existence—that of Westminster, opened in 1750, and that at Blackfriars, which was completed just nineteen years later. In this connection it is curious that Rocque, in his plan dated 1741–45, marks Blackfriars Bridge as in existence. I cannot account for this, unless there had been talk of erecting one, and the cartographer, expecting it to materialise in the near future, placed it, by daring anticipation, on his map. In Luffmann's plan, dated 1816, Vauxhall Bridge is marked as being in course of construction, and, indeed, it was completed during that year. But Chelsea Bridge did not come till 1858, and the two suspension bridges, the Albert and Victoria, linking Chelsea with Battersea, respectively in the seventies and the eighties, although the latter had been preceded by the wooden structure erected in 1772.

The appearance of the river bank from Chelsea to Blackfriars has changed vastly during the course of the last fifty odd years. Old pictures of Cheyne Walk, for instance, show how much alteration has taken place in this once rural spot. Before the Embankment was formed here, its approximate site was occupied by an irregular brick wall, with stairs and landing stages, and a row of elm-trees, beyond Oakley Street, known as the Bishop's Walk; a little to the west being Cremorne Gardens, which had an entrance to the river. The beautiful old Lindsay House, and the residence of William Bell Scott, as well as those of Rossetti (the Queen's House) and George Eliot and many other interesting people, still, however, remain, and thus Chelsea has preserved much of its old-world air; but beyond to the east as far as the Physic Garden, fine red-brick houses and blocks of flats have replaced the smaller dwellings of earlier days, and the old church is beginning to find itself in a somewhat alien environment. A painting by G. Lambert, executed about 1858, indicates what used to be the appearance of Chelsea's river front before the coming of the Embankment, and in the work of Whistler and the Greaveses, we have a variety of pictorial and artistic documents of the same nature.

There are still some old houses, with elaborate over-doorways, in Grosvenor Road; but east of Vauxhall Bridge a great change has taken place. Much and excellent building has occurred here, on a spot that was, a little over a century ago, absolutely rustic; and where the Penitentiary, with its pepper-box towers and generally mediæval appearance, used to be, is now the Tate Gallery which swept out of existence, in 1897, what had stood there since 1876 as a penitentiary on the lines laid down by Jeremy Bentham, and had been converted into a military prison in 1870. As we approach the Houses of Parliament, further building development will be found to have materially altered the appearance of the river bank; and with old Smith Square practically annihilated, and great structures risen in Millbank Street, we come to the gardens adjoining the House of Lords, where a century ago was a collocation of wharves cheek by jowl with the castellated buildings of the old Mother of Parliaments.

From this point eastwards I have already shown something of the changes which Bazalgette's embankment brought in its train. Behind it little remains as it was: the many large private mansions which congregated at Whitehall have disappeared; Scotland Yard has been wholly rebuilt; great hotels have blocked out the sight of the river from Harrington House, which is awaiting its inevitable doom, in Craig's Court; Northumberland Avenue runs through the ancient splendour of the Percys; and that most hideous of all hideous eyesores the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, sprawls its obscene length across the river, and

VIEW OF LAMBETH AND WESTMINSTER FROM MILLBANK.

On the left may be seen St. John's Church, with the Abbey behind it; Lambeth Palace on the right, and old Westminster Bridge in the distance.

From a lithograph by W. Parrot, dated 1841.

THE MILLBANK PENITENTIARY.

This building was begun in 1813 and finished in 1816, as a penitentiary (on Jeremy Bentham's system); it was converted into an ordinary prison in 1843, and a military one in 1870. Subsequently it was pulled down, and the Tate Gallery was erected on its site.

From a print dated 1829.

THE TATE GALLERY, MILLBANK.

This art gallery was built and presented to the nation by Sir Henry Tate ; it was designed by Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, and was opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on July 21, 1897. Since then it has been greatly enlarged.

From a recent photograph.

MILLBANK AS IT WAS IN 1815.

This sketch shows the then rural portion of this locality immediately abutting on the river. The Penitentiary, which was already nearly completed, would be outside the picture to the left.

From a lithograph by G. Harley, dated 1820.

not content with being itself essentially ugly, contrives to intercept the view of that glorious curve which is our watery equivalent to Oxford's incomparable " High."

On the south bank of the river, where there were never any landmarks to destroy or special features worth preserving, nothing has been destroyed, and nothing has been improved. Great bridges have linked up this *terra incognita* with London, and wide streets have been cut through that densely populated area. Lambeth Palace has certainly been allowed to remain, and St. Thomas's Hospital appeared in 1871; and we all know what the London County Council has erected recently, taking good care, it would seem, to prevent any chance of an embankment betwixt the Thames and its nobility. Opposite Somerset House and the Temple, and, indeed, along the whole length of the Embankment which opened up the Thames to London, the wharves and warehouses remain as they were when Horwood produced his plan a century and a quarter ago, many become derelict and rotten from age. Whistler once said they looked like palaces and campanili in the night or through the mist. So they do; but one would prefer to see the palaces and campanili when the light of day shines upon them. Darkness is ever a handmaid to the ugly; it lays its merciful cloak over much that would otherwise be intolerable; and therefore, if you wish to enjoy the scenic effects praised by the great artist, you should take care to go to the Embankment at night or await one of London's foggy days, really to appreciate the experience.

I have often wondered why it is that the authorities, in spite of many protests, in spite of pathetic appeals from the London Society and many private people who would like to see London with two banks to its river, and have incidentally shown how commercially advantageous this would be, have never made a move to develop the south bank of the Thames. But now I think I know. Their sense of artistry, their appreciation of the picturesque, is what is staying their hands. They have taken the words of Whistler (for whose works they always showed such a marked admiration) to heart; and they are naturally averse from doing anything that would interfere with those palaces and campanili, which, anyone can see for himself, crowd the south side of the river with their picturesque and old-world outlines. But after all, those who have the care of the city in their hands should remember that art is not everything: business and commerce have to be considered; and that the preservation of old landmarks (of which, in the past, they have shown themselves such zealous guardians) is all very well, but in these progressive days can be overdone. Some severe critics might even question the placing of such power in the hands of the artistic, rather than in those of the business man and the more commercially minded.

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE

Anyone who wishes to obtain as comprehensive a view as is possible from one spot, of the north bank of the Thames at London, can hardly do better than stand at the south-east corner of Westminster Bridge. There in front of him rise the innumerable pinnacles of Barry's stupendous erection; that amazing mass of mediævalism which springs so gracefully, yet with such an air of power and solidity, from the water's edge—perhaps the most remarkable structure which modern times has to show.

As the eye sweeps round that astonishing curve, all sorts of landmarks swim into one's ken—landmarks that have been with us all our life; landmarks that have come into existence but yesterday. There is Whitehall Court with the cupolas of the War Office behind it and the green of the Embankment in front; there are the vast caravanserais which link themselves up with the neighbouring terminus; and there is the monstrous antenna of that terminus, feeling its way into the Surrey shore. High up beyond is the Adelphi on its artificial mound, and the arrow-like flight of Waterloo Bridge—for the time a broken shaft indeed—over the river beneath it. Somerset House gleams with a virgin whiteness; and beyond are the " bricky towers " of the Temple, warm and red, as they were in Spenser's far-off day.

All around, the graceful spires of Wren shoot into the air, and culminate in that tremendous dome with which the architect crowned at once the London he had so largely rebuilt and his own enduring fame. As we look at it from our vantage ground on the Surrey shore, we see a white city edged about with a girdle of greenery, around which the shining, troubled waters play. . . .

It is a notable panorama which is thus spread out before our eyes, for it represents something far greater than a mere collocation of bricks and stone, green trees and water—we are, indeed, gazing at the tangible outcome of centuries of accumulated labour into which the history of the country is indissolubly welded, and in which, too, are welded the strivings of the great who have fought and contrived for its advancement and glory. That golden eagle pluming itself for flight from the Embankment represents the latest phase of the enterprise which, in latter days, has not been concerned in building up, but in preserving intact, the integrity of the Empire. And this is the heart of the Empire that has its peoples in every country in the world; that stretches its filaments throughout all civilised parts; that stands as the crown and glory of this sceptred isle:

> " That England, hedged in with the main,
> That water-walléd bulwark, still secure
> And confident from foreign purposes."

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NOTE.—I should like to identify myself with my Publishers in appreciation of Mr. Ingle's photographs of the present-day views of London, which help to illustrate the foregoing pages.—E. B. C.

The ordinary figures in this Index denote references to pages of text. The illustrations are referred to by their page numbers, which are set in heavier type.

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Manor Hall
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BARNES
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FULHAM
Parsons Green
SANDS END
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Holland Park Ave.
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Paddington
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Sch.
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Recreation Ground
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Road
Street
Avenue
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Square
Terrace
Place
Crescent
Grove
Lane
Hill
Green
Common
Park
Wood
Field
Farm
Cottage
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Hall
Church
Chapel
Cemetery
Hospital
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A MAP OF

PRIMROSE HILL
CAMDEN TOWN
REGENT'S PARK
ISLINGTON
MARYLEBONE
MARYLEBONE ROAD
EUSTON
EUSTON ROAD
ST PANCRAS STA
KING'S CROSS STA
YORK Rd
CALEDONIAN ROAD
CLERKENWELL
HOLBORN
BLOOMSBURY
CHANCERY LANE
FLEET STREET
TEMPLE
THAMES
WATERLOO BRIDGE
WATERLOO STA
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
WESTMINSTER
VICTORIA STA
VICTORIA STREET
ST JAMES'S PARK
BUCKINGHAM PALACE
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
HYDE PARK
CHELSEA REACH
BATTERSEA PARK
LAMBETH
LAMBETH BRIDGE
KENNINGTON
WALWORTH
CAMBERWELL

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